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Eudoxia

THE

# WOFUL HISTORY

OF THE

## *Unfortunate Eudoxia,*

FIRST CONSORT OF

## The Czar, Peter the Great,

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA:

*Faithfully translated from the German of U—B. Von G.*

E.T. UK

(WHICH WAS PUBLISHED AT BERLIN, IN PRUSSIA, IN SEPTEMBER, 1810.)

BY JOHN KORTZ.

*HUDSON:*

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY W. E. NORMAN,

1816.

63489A
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1911

SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, } ss.

(L. S.) *BE IT REMEMBERED. That on the tenth day of February, in the Fortieth year of the Independence of the United States of America,* John Kortz, *of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words and figures following, to wit:* The Woful History of the unfortunate Eudoxia, first consort of the Czar, Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, faithfully translated from the German of U—B Von G. (which was published at Berlin in Prussia, in Sept. 1810;) by John Kortz.

*In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, entitled "an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned" And also to an act, entitled "an act, supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."*

THERON RUDD,

*Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.*

# RECOMMENDATIONS.

*The Rev.* John Chester *of the city of Albany, has furnished the translator with the following recommendation of this work :—*

At the request of the translator, I have perused the *History of Eudoxia*, the Unfortunate Consort of Peter, interesting alike for her Virtues and her Afflictions. The story is well written, and appears to be authentic. There is subjoined sufficient evidence that this is a faithful translation. The person who has given this story to the English reader, is an industrious man, and worthy of public patronage.

JOHN CHESTER.

*Hudson, Oct.* 28, 1815.

*The Rev.* John George Frederick Uhl, *of Claverack, a German Clergyman, has given the following opinion concerning the above mentioned translation :—*

At the request of the translator, I have perused his translation of the History of the Un-

fortunate Eudoxia, and on comparing it with the original, which is in German, I found the translation to be very faithful and exact. This biography of Eudoxia, although not so minutely described in other histories of Russia, is unquestionably true, and for its authenticity the high character of its author would alone be a sufficient pledge; but the accuracy of this biographical sketch is also confirmed by written documents and other sources of information, and the facts related in this narrative are fully understood and believed in Germany, however much the biographers of Peter attempted to conceal them.

JOHN GEORGE FREDERICK UHL.

*Claverack, Nov. 7,* 1815.

# PREFACE.

IT was with much diffidence, that the translator resolved to offer to public inspection, his first literary attempt, and more especially one of this kind. He was aware of the difficulties which attend such an undertaking: The idiom of different languages is so diverse, that it is by no means an easy task to give a faithful version from a foreign language, and at the same time, in a style suited to the present improved state of the English tongue. He was encouraged to enter upon the following translation by a German friend, who furnished the original, and whose object was both to benefit an old acquaintance, and to present the American public

from his mother tongue, not only with a very interesting story, but one which has the merit of containing the truth. The principal aim of the translator has been, faithfully to present the facts which appear in the original; and hopes that such deviations from the standard of public taste, as undoubtedly will be discovered, will receive every candid allowance, to which, from the arduousness of the task, they may be entitled, and be viewed with an indulgent eye.

There has been superadded to the following story, an Appendix, containing a faithful translation from the German, of the destruction made by the Czar, Peter the Great, of a long established body of soldiers in the Russian Empire, called Strelitzes,

for mutiny and open rebellion. As this soldiery is mentioned in the following biography as a fearful engine, by which great political changes in the Russian Empire might have been effected, it was supposed not foreign to the subject, to add a brief account of the causes for which they lost the confidence of Peter, and incurred his severe displeasure, as well as of the dreadful catastrophy which befel them, and which ended in their complete extermination!

Should the Translator, in the following version, receive the satisfaction of being honored with public approbation, he will cheerfully undertake the translation of other German works, and endeavor to merit a continuance of public favor.

# INTRODUCTION.

THE biographers of Peter the Great, carefully omitted to give a full and candid account of the unparalleled sufferings to which he subjected the unfortunate Eudoxia, his first consort. Their principal object was to eulogize him for his splendid and useful public transactions, and to make him appear as one of the greatest men of the age in which he lived; but of his private conduct they gave but little information. That he was in many respects a great man, cannot be denied; but that the violence of his passions hurried him on to the commission of the most lamentable errors, is equally true; of this the unhappy fate of Eudoxia, and her son Alexis, are striking instances.

Who that reads the following biography, can remain unmoved, and not shed an honest tear of pity for the rejected Empress, who, although innocent of every crime which was maliciously alledged against her, was by her

remorseless husband, doomed in the gloomy cell of a prison, and destitute of every comfort, to waste her youthful days? She ventured to complain of his inconstancy towards her, and of his shamefully adulterous career, by throwing himself into the meretricious arms of Anna, Stabade's fair inhabitant, as well as of others; she was concerned for *his honor* as well as her *own*, and for this the tyrant sentenced the loveliest of her sex to the dreary abode appointed for malefactors only, there to expiate their crimes.

To gain an unshaken influence with Peter, and to aggrandize themselves, Lefort and Menzikof, his prime ministers, became his panders, and encouraged him in his vices.---- Instead of endeavoring to infuse into the mind of their master, those dignified sentiments of virtue and honor, worthy of a great monarch, and which, if reduced to practice, would have afforded an instructive and useful example to his subjects, they flattered his vices, and subjected him to the censure of the world.

But could it have been believed that Catha-

rine, who was possessed of such great personal charms and strength of mind; that she should be so void of that tender and amiable sensibility which so much heightens female beauty, as to be capable of cherishing in her bosom, that criminal ambition, which not only prompted her to usurp the place of Eudoxia on the throne; but without the least pity, to cause Peter to distress the already oppressed Empress by still greater acts of cruelty, and at length to aid in procuring the murder of Alexis, the only remaining sprout of Eudoxia, to secure the crown for her own children. No one could have believed that such remorseless cruelty could reside in a woman's breast; that it could dwell in so beautiful a form. But such odious ambition and cruelty, we see a *woman* could exhibit even towards one of her own sex.

In Lefort indeed we behold a successful instance of vice, he retained his post and honors till he died. But such was not the good fortune of his more vicious successor, Menzikof. This detestable man, who at first, in

concert with Catharine, devised every possible means for the oppression of Eudoxia, until he found it necessary for the aggrandizement of his own family, cameleon-like, to affect to change his principles, and restore the persecuted Empress to freedom and honor: Did not retributive justice overtake him at last? He was shorn of his wealth and power, and driven into exile. His name will continue with posterity to stand as an awful monument of the sudden downfall of execrable ambition.

After her liberation, Eudoxia's bliss, although exquisite, was but of short duration. New scenes of distress opened to her, until death kindly put an end to her miseries. She was upon the whole a very unfortunate woman. But to us short sighted mortals, the wise decrees of Providence are inscrutable.

How far different might the lot of this accomplished and beautiful woman have been, had she been united to a virtuous and constant man, who had been her equal in rank, and whose gentleness of behaviour had been suited

to the fineness of her sensibility. Such a one the attractions of her person and mind would easily have obtained. But unfortunately this young monarch's eye caught the indescribable, the irresistable charms, nature's greatest work, displayed in her beautiful face. He chanced to look on her, and he was smitten. The strange sensation of love thrilled his heart; they became united, as she fondly anticipated, never to be separated but by death, and in mutual and constant affection on Russia's splendid throne, to enjoy many happy years. But Peter's love was not founded on sentiment, it was merely that of the sex, consequently fickle, and unutterable were the woes which to her, sprung from this union! She had confided in Fortuna, but the fickle goddess, instead of permitting her long to enjoy a canopy of state, prepared for her a bed of thorns, on which to pine away the most feeling epoch of her life.

But notwithstanding all the great faults which Peter really had, and into which he was hurried by the violence of his natural temper,

and the defective education he had received in his youth; did not that same warmth of mind impel him to the great deeds for which he is so justly eulogized. Had he possessed a phlegmatic and weak mind, he would indeed have been more harmless. But could he have dragged, as it were by force, a rude people out of barbarity, and taught them those arts of civilization, which gave them a respectable rank among the nations of the earth. It could not have been done by a different man. He was suited to the condition of the nation he was destined to govern. And may we not conclude, that he was an instrument in the hands of Providence, to bring about the great purposes he effected. Good and evil in this world, are often inseparably connected for purposes which we do not immediately perceive. Great indeed would this prince have been, did not his crimes related in the following story, sully his character.

# EUDOXIA,

CONSORT OF

# PETER THE GREAT.

THE history of Russia contains so many extraordinary events, as to render it unnecessary in searching for them, to extend our inquiries back to the days of grey antiquity, to meet with scenes which are terrific, which are calculated to excite astonishment, and fill the firmest mind with wonder and amazement. Did not the generations of the last century witness occurrences, which will appear almost incredible to posterity; however true it is, that they have actually taken place? Sudden elevations from the

lowest conditions of human life, to the very pinnacle of earthly greatness; rapid dethronements and annihilations; the pride and pageantry of dominion, succeeded by the deepest fall, seemed in this empire so singularly to follow each other, as if Providence had purposely chosen it as the theatre upon which to exhibit the instability of human greatness, which with an omnipotent hand it first bestows, and then takes away.

The woful destiny of poor Eudoxia Feodorowna, the first consort of Peter the Great, in this respect furnishes us with a very striking proof. The unfading fame of this ever active prince, who, in forming the manners of his people, as it were created them anew; could not deter

an independent historian from interweaving with the circumstances of his busy life, the fate of the noblest of maids, whom the Czar at first had raised to the throne. Who can read them without shedding tears for the errors of her husband, whose life in other respects discovers the deeds of a meritorious ruler; which of his subjects, however much his heart may be inclined to proclaim the praises of this immortal prince, will deny that he sometimes was guilty of acts of rashness, which obscured his greatness, without however depriving the hero of that merit which in the general course of his conduct he really possessed.

Many a writer attempted to paint the history of this unfortunate wo-

man, of whose existence the biographers of Peter seemed to possess no information; but none of them has ventured to delineate it with that integrity and impartiality which her sorrowful lot requires; nor had the courage with tender compassion to throw light upon her conduct, which wanted nothing but deliberation and prudence; and equally little has any of them known how to unite his descriptions with that delicacy, whose tender pencil sketches the errors of princes with truth, without however too rudely approaching the majesty of thrones. And yet qualities of this kind only, enable an historian, without danger, to place good lessons before the eyes of those upon whom chance confers sceptres and crowns.

Such princes indeed, feeling their power, despise the opinions of their cotemporaries, but still they dread the judgment of posterity.

It is well known that Peter the first, arrived at the throne through a series of occurrences, of which the annals of his predecessors abundantly furnish examples. As a child of the second marriage of his father Michael Alexiewitz, he appeared forever to be precluded from succeeding to the throne; the way to it seemed to be shut against him, not only by reason of the opposition of the nation, to all the children of their rulers born during a second marriage; but still more so on account of the presence of two princes of the first marriage; and in addition to those almost insurmount-

able barriers, the express will of his father Alexis, who a year before his demise, declared his eldest son Feodor his successor, deprived him of all hopes.

Feodor ascended the throne, reigned seven years, and from two marriages did not leave behind a single heir. He considered his brother Iwan incapable of governing the Russians, and therefore declared Peter the first, who was then only ten years of age, his successor.

The princess Sophia, the third sister of Iwan, took advantage of this circumstance to avoid the strickness o the law, which doomed all the daughters of a deceased Czar to an eternal monastry; and by means of the Strelitzes, an unruly and bold sol-

diery, which very often decided who was entitled to the crown, rendered very doubtful the dispositions of Feodor in favor of his brother Peter, whose elevation was the more contrary to her wishes, as this prince, in his youth already, justified the flattering hopes of all those who had directed their eyes to him. The work of ambition, which Sophia had commenced, was accomplished by innumerable instances of exile and condemnations to death. She decreed irrevocably, that Iwan and Peter should jointly govern; and under the pretence of the incapacity of the one, and the extreme youthfulness of the other, nominated herself a joint governess of the empire, and with an eager hand seized the helm of state.

Sophia considered every means allowable which tended to gratify her ambition, and in this manner, believed she was paving for herself the way to the throne.

It indeed depended only on her firmness of decision, to attain to the supreme power in a state governed by joint rulers; a new insurrection of the Strelitzes might have deprived Peter of his empire and his life, and the weak minded Iwan was unable to counteract her schemes.

But her indecision, and the penetrating mind of the Czar, who clearly saw through all her designs, rid him of the danger to which his life was exposed. He fled for refuge to the Trinity-Cloister, situated in the city of the imperial residence, which not-

withstanding its holy appointment was fortified like a strong hold. It was from thence, that he made to the world a solemn declaration of the integrity of his cares for the state. All eyes were turned towards him, and every heart was touched with compassion for him.

From this moment he began to reign; but by shockingly painful punishments, he damped the ardour of all the adherents of his sister Sophia; and in the year 1689, he confined even her, in a cloister at Moscow. Iwan ceased to be a joint ruler; he retained nothing more than the external symbols of sovereignty, while Peter exercised the rights of it, with unlimited power.

A short time previously to this and

before Peter came to the throne, he entered into matrimony according to the custom of his predecessors. The princess Sophia, who was acquainted with all his bodily infirmities, and the susceptibility of his heart to the charms of female beauty, without discovering to what undertaking his genius, which began to develope itself, would lead him, was the first to promote this step. She caused it to be made known throughout the whole Russian empire, that the Czar Peter had resolved to divide his heart and his throne with the most perfect damsel which the wide limits of his empire could produce. Hundreds of young ladies, who were distinguished by their birth, their exquisite beauty, and youthful charms; and to whose

proud and ambitious families the oppressive, though dazzling crown, presented allurements so strong, as to exclude all concern for the possible fate of their children, were assembled together, on the 19th of June, 1689, in the spacious imperial saloon at Moscow.

Here was the beautiful circle of the noblest maids of the Empire, in the first spring days and bloom of their lives. All eyes were attracted, and all hearts were enraptured by indescribable charms. Here the young prince saw immediately before his eyes, all that could move a feeling heart, and all that could suddenly inflame its most secret wishes.

At the appearance of the Czar, who came to offer her, who should be vic-

torious in this display of female charms, an imperial Crown, richly adorned with pearls, together with his heart, a thousand wishes began to awake in the circle of those lovely beings; deeply penetrating looks, in which timid tenderness was most eloquently depicted, flew at him from all sides.—He became uneasy; so many charms he had never before, at once, beheld.

Being undetermined, his vivid eye wandered about, how was his heart to decide without hesitation, where every moment it was surprized by new objects of delight. His indecision however suddenly vanished: he discovered the beautiful image of all perfection; his choice was decided. It was the charming Eudoxia Feodorowna, daughter of the noble Feodor Abra-

liamowitz L'puschin, of the Archduke-dom Novogorod, whose modesty caused her the least to attempt to please, and yet so powerful, so irresistible were her charms, that she attracted the soul of the prince, and became his only desire. She was born in that state of matrimony, whose bands love only had tied; and at the age of seventeen years, united all the attractions of her sex to a mind, which in a still higher degree brought beauty and talents to light. Every youth adored her, and the heart of every man of riper years was prepossessed in her favor. So many perfections could not escape the espying eye of Peter. It appeared as if at this moment, his natural sagacity of instantaneously distinguishing those who were worthy of his con-

fidence, had developed itself. Eudoxia received from him the confession that she was his choice with that modest respectfulness of behavior, which is peculiar only to noble souls. Her natural, and very pardonable joy, excited by the preference which was given her before all the rest, in the inmost recesses of her heart, was mingled with gratitude towards Peter, who at once raised her to that height, to which her mind had never ventured to aspire. Her marriage was solemnized with a pomp, which was suited to the widely extended empire of the Russian-Monarch. In less than two years she had the good fortune of giving two male heirs to the Crown of Russia.

The premature death of the eldest

Prince, Alexander, saved him from the sorrow with which his heart must have been afflicted on account of the sufferings of his poor mother. Far more sorrowful was the lot of her second son, Prince Alexis, who seemed to survive his brother for no other purpose, than to fall a sacrifice to the ambition and most unjust suspicion of his step-mother.

These two brothers were the offspring of a matrimonial connection formed under such flattering circumstances: alas! but too soon was the flame of love extinguished in the breast of the young Czar, who became tired of his beautiful and sensible consort The attachment of the husband to the wife becomes burdensome, from the moment when accord-

ing to his ideas, it appears to him under the picture of duty. Experience teaches that this is the case in the ordinary circles of human life, and how much more frequently must this occur among princes, who have no other idea of duty than that of the right of demanding it from their subjects.

And besides, what influence could the rules of morality have upon the resolves of Peter; when they suggested to him the great sacrifice of counteracting the violent operations of a new passion. Peter had by accident at Stabade, one of the suburbs of Moscow, discovered an alluring being who inflamed his heart with the most glowing love. Love levels all situations; beauty raises the beloved girl above all accidental advantages of

others of her sex; hence it was the destiny of Anna Maensen, the daughter of a German inhabitant of the imperial residence, irresistibly to fetter the Czar with the chain of love. As every step of a prince is watched and counted, it is difficult for him long to conceal the affections of his heart; the multitude are fond of detecting the weaknesses of their rulers, for the errors of princes serve, as an excuse for their own vices, and as a veil to cover their own nakedness.

The education of Peter was too defective to enable him to moderate his passions: Violent and tempestuous in all his actions, he was the first to expose his secret connections. An intrigue of this kind too nearly concerned his empress, to remain long con-

cealed from her. Unhappily her resentment broke out so vehemently, that she lost sight of all prudence, which ought necessarily to have regulated her measures, if they were to produce a change in the heart of her husband. Instead of concealing her sensibility, instead of attempting by mildness and patience to change the thoughts of Peter, she broke forth into hasty reproaches, which were as little calculated to effect a reconciliation with him, as were the evident marks of her desperation, which instead of regaining his affections, served only to alienate them the more from her.

The mother of the Czar, who had sprung from the family of Narischkin, one of the first and most ancient line-

ages of Russia, whose virtues history could not sufficiently praise, had no sooner received information of the misunderstanding which had arisen between her children, than she used her utmost influence to reconcile them to each other. She in a very animated manner represented to her daughter-in-law, that the Czar was carried away more by temperament than by sentimental love towards the new object he had chosen; and that he would certainly be cured of a passion, which had no other foundation than the warmth of youth; that he would inevitably return into the path of virtue, as soon as he should have learned to know her value; that she ought to suppress her sensibility, and to shew to the Czar that her desire was by the superior qualities of her

proach to the heart of a prince, naturally so rough and vehement, as Peter was. This idea is grounded upon the incontrovertible fact, that the Czar, at the very instant, when he left her appartment, excused her behavior, and could not refuse to her anger a sort of respect, inasmuch as he attributed it to the highest degree of affection towards him, in which case the holy rights of matrimony rendered her displeasure pardonable. Persons, who were acquainted with him, were convinced, that he never would have carried this matter to extremes, as great as his dislike was to every kind of restraint, if Eudoxia, stimulated by fatal advice, had not driven his courtiers to the necessity of effecting her ruin, to avoid her vengeance.

She had been informed that Lefort principally aided the irregular course of her husband's life, by seeking for him the objects of sensual gratification, and believed it to be her duty to accuse him of this conduct. Lefort appeared to be seized with astonishment, as if suspicion of this kind, against him, were very unjust; and Eudoxia, irritated by this shameless hypocrisy, which seemed to preclude all hopes of reformation in the favorite of the prince, believed she would manage this affair most prudently, if by menacing humiliations, she should signify to him, what he would have to fear from her wrath; her behavior on this occasion struck him with such dread, that he left her with a firm resolution to avail himself of the first favorable

opportunity, completely to ruin her in the eyes of the Czar. This celebrated fugitive from Geneva, who endeavored to infuse into the mind of the Czar a taste for every good and useful thing, which civilized states can produce, without making the least attempt to instil into him an aversion to licenciousness, now more than ever, made it his study to aid the Czar's adulterous course of life, that by this means he might the more easily accomplish his wicked designs against the deceived Eudoxia: Peter loved this favorite the more, because he found in him a warm defender of his irregularities; a sufficient ground for him to expect from a person of this description, aid and assistance in all violent means to free himself from the

molestations of a wife, who in his eyes had became a burden to him.

To accomplish this purpose, the first thing that was done, was to sound the opinions of the Russian clergy; in vain did the bishops and archimages receive orders to find in the canonical law a nullity of Peter's marriage; they remained faithful to their duty, and declared to the favorite of Peter, that it was a decree of power only, which could dissolve the bond of that marriage, which appeared a burdensome yoke to the Czar. But Peter found such a step too hazardous, at least without blinding the world with an appearance of justice.

Eudoxia saw the storm arising in the horizon, and gathering over her devoted head, and believed herself

lost. The departure of the Czar to besiege Asoph, appeared to dissipate the clouds; because in difficulties of this kind, every delay is a gain; but this was the moment her enemy anxiously looked for. He did not doubt, but he should succeed in hurling Eudoxia into destruction, when her dejected look, as burdensome as she was to Peter, should no more soften him into compassion, and no more restrain him from increasing her grief, by greater injuries. He availed himself of the absence of the Czar from his wife, with so much dexterity, that Peter even in the stormy hour of his usual precipitancy, was so far calmed as to listen to the suggestions of his favorite, and dispatched a decree to Moscow, which might have been fol-

lowed by dangerous consequences.—In the mean time the death of Iwan still more favored the designs of Lefort; for now Peter formally became the absolute sovereign of the Russian empire. Lefort therefore sent the Ukase by a courtier to Leo Narischkin, an uncle of the Czar, with the possitive order, immediately to confine Eudoxia in a nunnery, and not to make a moment's delay; because the Czar would not leave camp until his will was accomplished. Narischkin tremblingly obeyed this mandate; for by shewing the least compassion, his own life would have been endangered. Thus was the unfortunate Eudoxia torn from the throne, and that without a whisper of disapprobation from the inhabitants of the populous imperial re-

sidence and at the distance of more than one hundred miles from Moscow, she was obliged in the Monastry of Satulski, to exchange the diadem for the veil, and in the Basilical order, make that terrible vow, which forever threw her into a gloomy separation from the world; where in a flood of tears she might reflect upon the inconstancy of human destiny, which by means of her beauty and charms elevated her to the throne, and made the sensibility of her heart, the means by which to precipitate her into the retirement of a monastic life.

No sooner did Peter see himself freed from the troublesome watchfulness of his consort, than he gave himself up to the gratification of his lustful desires, which he found in the

undisturbed possession of the beautiful inhabitant of Stabade.

Love reigns tyrannically; before her the sceptre and the shepherd's staff must bend; to such a degree did her vain despotism gain a conquest over the heart of the young Czar, that without hesitation, he would have raised this new object of his tender affections to the eminence of his lawful wife, if she had only placed a value on her advantages; or had chosen to benefit herself, by the opportunities which he every moment gave her. But the possession of the diadem, which dazzles the eyes of so many mortals, had no charms at all for Anna; the nearer the throne appeared to approach to her, the farther she withdrew from it. Her bosom was so little warmed by the raging solicitude

and exertions of the Czar to gain her hand, that he attributed her coolness to a total want of attachment to him. He became more attentive, and it could not escape his penetrating mind, that her favors were shewn not to the man she loved, but to the monarch alone, that she loved his liberality, but found nothing less worthy her attachment than his person. He who is acquainted with the human heart, will easily be able to convince himself that love, unless it is mutual, is seldom lasting; and this was the reason why that passion abated in the bosom of the Czar, who by degrees saw through the thoughts of Anna, and he finally became quite indifferent to her. His visits became less frequent, until he entirely deserted her. This caused no sorrow in the breast of Anna, she

had amassed treasure enough to render happy a stranger, named Cesarion, who did not conceive that he was staining the honor of an ambassador, if he should marry the mistress of a powerful monarch, at whose court he was accredited.

Thus was Peter at first the impassioned adorer of Anna; and this same prince, a short time before his death, condemned to the scaffold, an own brother of this former object of his love, because he could not remove the suspicion, that he had carried on a criminal intercourse with Catharine the second consort of the Czar.—This was nothing new; love and cruelty, joy and rage, dwelt very nigh together in the same heart. Of this his life furnishes innumerable, and often very striking examples. It did not dis-

turb his feelings, to cause to be beheaded, even persons, whom he highly valued. He remained a quiet spectator of such scenes, and occasionally, himself undertook the trade of the executioner. To a specimen of this kind, the baron Von Prince, ambassador of William the I. king of Prussia was an eye-witness. At that time the Czar already resided at St. Petersburgh, where Prince had arrived, as his mission had objects in view which admitted of no delay, and he therefore wished to be immediately presented to the emperor, he was conducted to a wharf, situated on the river Niewa, where he found the Cazr in the main top of a ship, which had just been finished. Peter, who was informed of the arrival of the ambassador, called to him, and desired him to climb up

by the shrouds; but Prince assigned his ignorance in nautical affairs, as an apology for not complying with this request, when Peter had the goodness to come down to him. The Czar gave a great dinner, and since the propositions of baron Von Prince were very agreeable to him, he ordered some mutinous Strelitzes to be brought out of prison, while he and Prince were dining, and with his own hand beheaded them in the presence of the guests whom he had invited, to convince them of his joy and dexterity: Poor Prince lost all his appetite.

Nature however had endowed Peter with a genius which embraced every object, and for which no undertaking was too great. He brooded over the idea of changing his whole

empire, and of forming a new people; for this purpose he undertook a journey, with the view of seeking in foreign countries patterns of reformation, and which he resolved to imitate in his own dominions. He intrusted the administration of the government to his uncle Narischkin, the prince Boris Galliczyn, and to Bojaris Procrofski; and his head being filled with the gigantic project, Peter from this time, knew no other passion, than that for fame. Love entirely vanished from his heart, and then only, when an occasional opportunity came in contact with his weak side, the excitement of sense obtained the ascendency; however he did not further think of it, beyond the moment of enjoyment. He did not bid fare-

well to the gratification of sense, but it was now under the controul of reason. Such a disposition of mind did not extinguish in the heart of Eudoxia, the hopes of a happier futurity; at least she saw no ground of fear, that her peace would during her separation from him, in any wise be disturbed.

But the Czar, as soon as he arrived at Vienna, suddenly received information of a new conspiracy, the ring leaders of which had it in view to place the princess Sophia on the throne. At that very moment he relinquished his plan of travelling thro' Italy, and with the rapidity of an Eagle's flight, he returned to his residence, and caused the leaders as well as the accomplices of this conspiracy,

to perish under indescribable tortures, during the infliction of which, and the most excruciating pains they suffered, not one of them accused the princess Sophia. But however innocent she might have been, yet the wishes of the people to have her crowned Empress, would have cost her life, if Lefort had not with all his might opposed the resolutions of Peter. So much is certain, that he ordered the whole corps of Strelitzes to be hewed down, and the dead bodies of those poor victims of his unrelenting rage, to be placed round about the cloister in which Sophia was confined, that she might be afflicted with their deadly effluvia, until her intreaties so far softened his obdurate heart, that he resolved to visit her,

and being melted into compassion by her tears, became convinced of her innocence.

A short time after this horrible catastrophy, Lefort died, and the Czar felt the loss he sustained by his death, in its whole extent. With his tears he bedewed the grave of this man, who like Peter himself, was not indebted to education, but by his own industry accomplished all those great designs which entitled him to the meed of fame; and the Czar deeply felt how much he still needed this friend for the perfecting of his own character. The pomp with which his funeral was solemnized, convinced the astonished public, how highly the Czar valued this stranger.

Alexander Menzikof who had rais-

ed himself from the humble station of a baker's servant, to the highest post of honor in the state, gained the same favor and confidence of the Czar, which Lefort had obtained. As soon as fortune had bestowed on him this important station, his thoughts were employed to acquire an influence which could not be shaken. He was determined to place at the side of the Czar, a person, who from the motive of gratitude would remain attached to him, and who by her charms and enticing behavior, might forever enchain the heart of the monarch. A female of Lithuania, a prisoner of war, whom he had in his possession, to this end, seemed to unite in herself every requisite quality; she afterwards became so famous that the his-

tory of her life deserves to be recorded.

Voltaire says she was the sister of a Lithuanian nobleman, named Scavronski, whom the Czar acknowledged to be his brother-in-law, after a Polish ambassador, on his journey, had discovered him in a common inn. Mean flattery usually gives to the lowest favorites of a prince, a noble genealogy, and distinguished ancestors; the multitude hear this; and believe it without requiring any proof. But Voltaire quotes in defence of his assertion, a manuscript which was intrusted to him, we know not by whom; a very artful method indeed, by which to commence the business of flattery at courts; which however places no mist before the eyes of

the historian, who chooses truth only as his guide.

Catharine Alexiewna was born in the Stadtholdership of Riga, at the sea of Mosteri. Her father was a peasant, and vassal of colonel Rosen. At the age of five years she lost her parents, on which account the parson of the parish, through compassion took her into his house. But as his income was so limited, that it was inconvenient for him to spare any thing for her education, the deacon named Gluck, of Marienburgh, freed him from this care, and took the child into his own house. Catharine remained with Gluck, until she arrived at the age of puberty, and was so pleasing to her protector, that he wished to unite her destiny with his

own, in the sweet bands of matrimony. A sergeant however of the garrison, whose youth was better suited to the blooming years of Catharine, so eagerly sought her hand, that the good deacon sacrificed his own happiness to the adopted child, and gave her to the sergeant. Their marriage took place the same day on which general Bauer took the city by storm, Catharine's newly married husband, was killed in the first attack; thus she on the same day became a wife, a widow and a prisoner. Gen. Bauer at first took her into his employ; Menzikof there saw her, found her very lovely, and easily obtained her from Gen. Bauer. The Czar became acquainted with her while she was in the possession of his new favorite,

and he was so captivated by her great beauty, and the strength of her mind, that he adjured the soul of Menzikof to preserve her for himself. The favorite clearly perceived on the spot, the great advantages he might derive from this new passion of the Czar, and sought to cherish and fan the flame of it by every means in his power, and in this he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; for in a short time the charming maid of Marienburgh became the declared favorite of Peter.

Catharine's eyes were so expressive, and her features so attracting, that every one who had only glanced at her person, was pleased with her. Her manners were simple, but commanding, her mind animated and

penetrating; she united every thing in her person, that was calculated to give her the absolute controul over a heart so easily fettered, as that which Peter carried in his bosom; and his attachment to her during his life, remained unalterably faithful. She could neither read nor write, and yet, she not only became the lawful consort of one of the greatest monarchs of Russia, but even after his death swayed the sceptre over the greatest empire of Europe.

Thus did Catharine raise herself from the lowest grade of human life; while Eudoxia, whom birth, beauty and talents, seemed to entitle to the diadem, was without all form of law, pushed from the throne, languishing in the deepest humiliation under the

burden of insipid monastic penitence; and in the most feeling epoch of life, was obliged to bewail the inconstant and fleeting joys of humanity. This state of banishment was however not the highest degree of Eudoxia's misfortunes, there awaited the anxious breast of the mother, and the tender sensibilities of a wife, for more painful trials. The influence of Catharine over Peter, day by day, became greater, and for the continuance of her power over him the care with which she examined the minute traits of his character, pointed out to her a rich source, which during her life could not be exhausted. With this conviction, her pride increased, and her pretentions became enlarged; the throne was now the object of her whole de-

sire, and she left no means untried by which she might attain to it. She was certain of Peter's heart, she was acquainted with all his inclinations, and knew how to take advantage of them: it was religion only, which seemed to oppose an obstacle to her plans; she therefore abjured the creed of her ancestors, the Lutheran confession, and went over to the Greek church. Scarcely was this ceremony finished, when the Czar, perceiving no hindrance to the gratification of those wishes, he for a long time already, had entertained, he without hesitation offered her his hand. Since the year 1707, Catharine was secretly married to the Czar; but the formal marriage, under the imposing pomp of the rights of majesty, took place

six years later, and this solemn act wiped away the stain given by the birth of two daughters, whom Catharine as a favorite bore him. The eldest daughter was married to the duke of Holstein, and the youngest, at a later period, under the name of Elizabeth, was crowned empress of Russia.

Since this elevation, Catharine's ambition became unbounded; for she well knew that she reigned over the heart of Peter with the same despotism, which he exercised over his states. She determined to exclude from the succession to the throne, Alexis Petrowitz, the son of the unfortunate Eudoxia, whom the Czar a year before his own marriage, had joined in matrimony, with Charlotte, Christina,

Sophia, sister-in-law of Charles VI. emperor of Germany; although this choice was contrary to the law, invariably adhered to, both by his ancestors and by him.

Catharine's object, was at the expense of the lawful heirs to place the crown upon the heads of her own children. In her heart she swore to the destruction of poor Alexis, and it cost only the great deed, to bring to pass the design which was conceived. Here it was that she called to her aid the active co-operation of her old and faithful friend Menzikof, and as they considered every means allowable which contributed to the attainment of their object, it could not fail that they made the prince completely odious in the eyes of the Czar. They

began by drawing his attention to the manners and propensities of the prince, which they alledged were such, as would leave no room in his mind for that steady care, which was necessary for the continuance of the increasing fame of his reign. That the prince secretly censured the great deeds which rendered him immortal in the eye of the world; that he favored the old barbarous usages of the Russian nation, with the proscription of which, the epoch of wonders had commenced; which was a tribute all Europe paid the Czar: thus they soon convinced him that if Alexis should ascend the Russian throne, he would give up to the Swedes all the conquered provinces which by his father's weapons had become subject to the

crown of Russia; that he would remit to the patriarchs whatever they had been taxed, and would reinstate the clergy in those former privileges which they had abused, and restore to the cloisters their confiscated revenues, that he would again introduce the long Russian coats and their long beards; and in short, would revive all those old and awkward customs, whose extinction had cost the Czar so much labor and patience.

Nothing more was required to touch the Czar in his most tender point; for the wide coats and long beards were an abomination to him. The former he caused publicly in the streets to be cut off from the bodies of his faithful subjects by sworn taylors; and the latter by sworn barbers. Besides this

his thirst for honor was so much gratified by the great and advantageous changes, which without opposition had taken place in his empire; and so firmly did he believe that by altering his nation, (altho' in general he was himself but little reformed,) he had paved for himself the road to immortality; that the mere probability of a future revolution, which was to annihilate this gigantic work, affected him in the most painful manner.

Being acquainted with the natural violence of his character, which excluded every calm deliberation, they supposed that measures of this kind, which indeed evinced in them much knowledge of human nature, could not fail to excite in the Czar the greatest displeasure against prince Alexis,

whose inactivity, apparent proneness to superstitious notions, and a certain unfriendly exterior, had for a long time already, been disagreeable to his father; for at the time those unfavorable suggestions were made to him concerning his son, his heart no more felt that tenderness, which nature has implanted in the breast of fathers towards their offspring, because they entertain the sweet hope of surviving themselves, in those who resemble them

It cannot be denied that Alexis, whose education was entirely neglected, had faults which he could not help, and which put weapons into the hands of his enemies. The death of his wife which was attributed to the grief occasioned by his licentious behavior,

and his subsequent conduct, when, with an unrestrained passion he threw himself into the arms of Euphrosine, a woman of Finnland, turned against him many hearts, which had been well disposed towards him. But did he not follow the example of his father? and was there a sensible guide, who could have made him feel the difference between virtue and vice, or could have reclaimed him from the ways of error?

These circumstances led Catharine more rapidly to the accomplishment of her purpose; for to the Czar, they appeared to render more probable every information, with which he was every moment surprised.

He became fully convinced that the prince if ever he should succeed to the

government, would demolish his gigantic fabric, the preservation of which was dearer to him than his own life. In this case his own personal interest dictated that he ought to prevent the unfortunate blow, and believed it his duty, by every possible means to preserve his subjects from relapsing into that state of wild barbarity, out of which he had drawn them with so much pains, and procured for them the esteem of the civilized nations of Europe. He therefore resolved to shut up his son in a cloister; force him to a monastic vow, and make a declaration that he had forfeited his right of succeeding to the throne, that he might transfer that right to the children of Catharine. He disclosed his intentions to only the most confi-

dential persons of the council of state, the senate and the clergy; and as this monarch was dreaded in all his proposals, no one ventured to oppose him. Men of discernment perceived in this step, the preponderating influence of Catharine and the courtier, Menzikof, but it was this very conviction which so much the more determined them to indulge the will of the Czar, because they had so much to dread from the unlimited power of Catahrine and Menzikof. Besides every one was too well acquainted with the violent passions of Peter: at the least oppositon, the life of him, who had resolution enough to counteract him, was exposed to danger; he made his will a law, and wo to him who did not obey it. No one therefore ventured

to utter a single contradictory word, every one appeared from his own conviction to coincide with the Czar, although the greater part of them, at the moment when they assented to this loud crying injustice, detested themselves.

Thus the Czar clothed the severest transaction with the appearance of form, prepared for the event, the minds of those, from whom he probably had yet something to fear; and personally informed the prince of his unhappy lot. This hard sentence so much depressed the mind of poor Alexis and so painful was it to his heart, that he could not utter a word. He lost all presence of mind, there was nothing else depicted in his features, but theexpression of dread and despe-

ration. His father allowed him only six months to choose the Cloister, in which he would spend the remainder of his life. Sad privilege indeed, which leaves to the condemned the choice only, of the manner in which he is to die!

This was the melancholy fate of the son of Eudoxia; of her, who could find comfort in her tears only, when with a heart somewhat relieved, she heard, that the Czar was preparing himself for a journey to Denmark. He in fact a short time afterwards, went thither to concert measures with the Danish court concerning a descent upon Schonen, about the necessity of which both parties were agreed; an undertaking which he had so strongly at heart that for the furtherance of it,

he thought his presence and personal exertions necessary.

He committed the government during his absence, to his favorite Menzikof, with an order, to compel the prince to an early declaration; and in such a manner to endeavor to determine his choice, that it might fall on a Cloister, in whose prior perfect confidence might be placed.

However great the sorrow of Eudoxia was, and however painful the circumstances, which necessarily must have affected the feeling mother's heart, there was not a word spoken of the unfortunate, at the court of Peter. Being locked up in a cell, she could only pray and weep; every tie which once bound her to the world, seemed now forever to be severed. The more

therefore, was the Czar astonished, when soon after his arrival at Copenhagen, he received information, that Eudoxia from her dark cell, carried on an epistolary correspondence, not only with her unfortunate son Alexis, and with her brother Lapuschin, but even with the princess Maria the sister of Peter. It was even added with much malice, that Maria had caused Eudoxia to be furnished with worldly attire, that she might put on the same as soon as she should throw away the veil; that the archbishop Rostof actually permitted prayers to be made for her in his diocese, as if she were the real consort of the Czar; that the penitent Eudoxia held a criminal intercourse with an officer, named Glebow, who lived near Roslof, on his estate;

and her enemies had the effrontery to tell the Czar, that if he did not speedily apply measures calculated to disconcert the conspiracy, the consequences thereof might become very deplorable to him and his family.

Was the whole of this truth or fiction? Did the misfortunes of the son rouse the mother, sorrowing in deep stillness, from her apparent apathy; or was this the work of Catharine, who had usurped her throne, and of the trusty Menzikof, to give greater certainty to the progress of their plans? This it is difficult to determine.

Peter, who possessed a mistrustful, suspicious character, was violently agitated by the perusal of this unexpected news; he would however not relinquish the undertaking on account

which however was not to break out until a very favourable opportunity should present itself. This deliberation of the conspirators, plainly shews how much they dreaded the Czar, even during his absence.

Peter used a thousand means to cause his son to return; and his private counsellor Tolstoi, as well as Romanzow, the captain of the guard, had recourse to many artifices to inspire the heir to Russia's throne with sufficient confidence and courage to leave the castle of St. Elmo in Naples, which the emperor of Austria had assigned him as a place of refuge; where however, he was in fact treated as a prisoner of State. It was only after the Czar had ended his journey through Germany, Holland, and

France, that his emissaries succeeded in determining the prince to return to his native country, by delivering him a letter written by his father's own hand, containing the promise of an unconditional pardon.

A moving answer of the credulous prince preceded his return; and which made such an impression upon the heart of his father, that he would certainly have altered his intentions, if Menzikof, who attentively observed all his emotions, had not taken pains to poison the humane feelings of the father. The prince the same day on which he arrived at Moscow, obtained permission to throw himself at the feet of his father, and when he had left his apartment, a report was spread

that the Czar, faithful to his written promise, had verbally pardoned him.

How great was therefore the universal astonishment, when on the following morning (the 14th February, 1717,) the guards were seen to surround the castle, and the whole garrison were under arms! An adjutant of the Czar, accompanied by four officers went to the crown prince, demanded from him his sword, and like a prisoner of state, surrounded by a detachment of grenadiers with fixed bayonets, conducted him to the palace.

The Czar waited for him in the great saloon, surrounded by his ministers and council of state. Scarcely had the prince appeared before this tribunal, when he confessed his guilt,

and desired nothing more than that his life might be spared.

His father, who on this occasion rose up as a judge over his son, took him into his cabinet to discover from him the most secret circumstances of his flight, and the persons at Moscow who were connected with him in this affair. In the course of an hour afterwards, he returned with him to the council, and gave him the dreadful promise, that he would spare his life, on condition of his renouncing publicly and honestly, all his pretentions to the throne of Russia. The prince had no choice; he therefore without hesitation signed the articles of renunciation, which had already been drawn and were now laid before him. In order to render so extraordinary a

transaction completely irrevocable, the great men of the empire, without stirring from the spot, were obliged to swear allegiance to Peter, the son of Catharine, as the new crown prince of the Russian empire; whereupon this whole assembly, which was very large repaired to the cathedral church, where the assembled Archbishops, Bishops, and Archimages, were obliged solemnly to take the same oath.

However great the sacrifice was, which Alexis had brought, still it did not appease his enemies. As a prisoner of state, he was by a strong guard conducted back to the castle, and soon afterwards was brought to St. Petersburgh. There the Czar formed a Tribunal, composed of the grandees and most considerable per-

sons in the Monarchy, which, after the assent of the clergy had been demanded, accused the prince of being guilty of such crimes, as according to law deserved the punishment of death; but they left it to the sovereign, either to confirm or alter this sentence.

Peter ordered the sentence of death to be read to his son: this barbarous mandate was fulfilled. Whether the dreadful picture of the scaffold presenting itself in all its horrors to the lively imagination of the Prince; or, material means were applied, which by their violent impulse upon the vital spirits, destroy the functions of the body, and in this case so dreadfully operated on its organization; be it as it may; Russia's rejected heir to the

throne, on the following morning writhed in dreadful convulsions, which in a very short time put an end to his life, and to his misery. His death was officially announced to the public, as the consequence of terror and pain.

And now commenced the famous criminal process, which terminated in the tragical death of an immense number of human victims, who either were suspected, or whom it was supposed necessary to suspect; and whose pretended crimes were not clothed with even the formality of an accusation before a legal tribunal, much less could they be proved against them: those perished unheard and unconvicted.

A great number of persons, whom, as it was asserted, the prince in his private interview with the Czar had informed against, as accomplices in the conspiracy, to save his own life, were laid upon the torture, although the prince had never even thought of them; and it was further reported by this dreadful means to have discovered, that the archbishop of Roszof had seduced the unfortunate Eudoxia.

This chimerical story is incredible, in the mean time this mean pope, confessed, that with the view of obtaining presents, from the simple, but wealthy Abraham Lapuschin, the brother of Eudoxia, he had impressed her with the belief, that he daily saw visions, in which the Supreme Being disclosed things to him, which were very consoling to the rejected princes.

That after these divine revelations he had told her, Peter's heart would be reconciled to her; that she would from her gloomy cell, reascend to the throne; render the Czar happy with two other male heirs, and would enjoy the pleasure of seeing Catharine, who had usurped her place, driven away, under circumstances of great shame and derision.

As a real despot, the Czar himself, ordered the clergy to deprive this man of his dignity; and when this body of men excused themselves, by assigning their want of power to decide things of this kind, the Czar in a menacing manner replied to them, that if they had the right of creating bishops, they could not want the ability of cashiering them. This threat ren-

dered the prelates flexible; they declared that the archbishop had forfeited his dignity, and the external attributes of his holy ordination: the insignias which that man had dishonored by base frauds were taken from him, and he, together with a knight, named Kikin, the most faithful friend of the prince, and who accompanied him in his flight, were at Moscow, broken alive on the wheel.

At present, when every one is permitted freely to express his opinions concerning crimes, and the means of discovering them, it is evident, that the frightful custom of the torture, is an uncertain method to elicit the truth. The strength of bodily constitution, and resolution of the mind in that case decided more than in-

ward conviction; weakly persons, and those of tender feelings chose rather to accuse themselves than to bear the exeruciating pain; even persons of strong constitutions, but whose fortitude bore no proportion to the firmness of their limbs, being seized with terror, sinned against the truth.

I shiver when I think of it, that the delicately formed Eudoxia, that fascinating girl, whom the Czar, being captivated by her perfections, chose from among a thousand others; the feeling, the broken hearted mother, who once sat at his side on the same throne, and afterwards was by the most merciless hand hurled down into the deepest abyss of woe, that she, the loveliest of her sex, should now by the ruthless hand of the same

prince, who once adored her, and vowed her eternal love and faithfulness, be stretched on that torture, which was crimsoned with the blood of the most debased wretches. At the sight of the frightful rack, a gloom like that of night, covered her eyes; fainting away, she sunk together like withered leaves. When the executioner had assumed courage enough to recal her to life, she confessed all and every crime, which could possibly be dictated to her, to avoid the appalling agony, yes even the falsely alledged criminal intercourse with Glebow; and her imagination was so much under the dominion of fear, inspired by the torture, that on being confronted with Glebow, her fictitious seducer, she inflexibly adhered to

her confession once made; although Glebow with the deepest anguish of mind asked her, how she could stain herself with such an untruth. He repeatedly endured the raging pangs of the Knout, and persevered in denying the charge. He asserted that Eudoxia was perfectly innocent, and that it was by the horrid preparations of torment only she had been determined to accuse herself of the most laughable misdemeanors of which she had not thought, and of which in the strictly watched cloister, she even could not think. In vain was the heroic Glebow tortured for the space of six weeks, he continued firm, and as a reward for his heroic fortitude, was placed on a pointed pole which pierced his body. It is said, that in

this distressed situation between life and death, the Czar himself, who against his will saved Eudoxia, had approached the sufferer, and adjured him to confess the truth; but that this mutilated victim had spit in his face, and then with a faltering tongue lisped these his last words. "Go Despot, and let me die in peace."

It was at first resolved to break alive on the wheel, Abraham Lapuschin, the brother of Eudoxia. The sentence was afterwards altered, and he was doomed to the axe. At the moment when he laid his head on the block, already stained by the executioner with the blood of so many unfortunate persons, the Czar changed this sentence and pronounced one still more cruel and terrible;

for he caused his tongue to be torn out of his throat, and twenty mutilating strokes of the knout to be inflicted on him, which alone might have occasioned his death, and then banished him forever to Siberia; this, in his rough language, he called making the man a present of his life.

Not satiated with the blood of so many executions, he ordered all archbishops, bishops, and other respectable clergymen to be convened, and commanded them to investigate the process against Eudoxia, with the greatest strictness, and to pronounce her sentence according to the utmost severity of the worldly law, and the canonical constitution.

Before these judges of peace commenced the inquiry, they solemnly

declared, that as peaceable teachers of the gospel, they did not thirst for the blood of the penitent; and that their only duty was, to endeavour to effect their honest contrition; that providence had not put into their hands an edged sword, but the holy word of revelation. This spirit of moderation the more animated the whole assembly at this moment, when as yet shame and remorse occasioned by the sanguinary sentence pronounced against Eudoxia's son, filled the hearts of these reverend holy fathers, and saved the life of the unfortunate mother. She was doomed to endure only the discipline of the church, which she received from the hands of two nuns. The sentence was executed in the presence of the convened chapter,

and the abused Eudoxia, shut up in another cloister, at the sea of Ladoga.

The princess Maria, own sister of the Czar, in the presence of the ladies of the palace, and the cavaliers, whom the Czar forced to witness the execution, received on her back and legs, a hundred strokes with a rod, and then was shut up in the fortress of Schluesselburgh. The confessors, the domestics, and all those persons whom the princesses appeared to have honored with their confidence, were whipped by the hands of the beadle, and their noses being slit, or tongues cut off, were banished to the dreary wilds of Siberia.

Many of those who suffered, were entirely innocent; for they were not

in the remotest manner informed of the conspiracy. Even the plot of the conspirators, which, if it had come to maturity, would have shaken the throne of Peter, was at this time only beginning to receive an existence. And extraordinary enough it is, that immediately after this scene of blood and proscription, the Russian nation, with loud plaudits, gave the Czar the title of Emperor.

The cloister to which Eudoxia was banished resembled a prison, where the severity of the keepers, rendered death more desirable to her than life. Although shut up in a gloomy cell, she was watched and guarded day and night, and received no other food than pulse, bread, and water. But this too was not the full

measure of her sufferings; for after she had languished six years in this prison, she was doomed with terror to be informed, that the weight of her misfortunes was still capable of being increased.

Peter, who, if we except his weaknesses, which had their foundation in the total want of education, and the inability of governing himself, had by means of his genial actions, his thirst for improvement; the extermination of barbarism from the Russian nation, and so many bold undertakings, which caused his people to flourish; merited the name of the Great, felt at last that he was mortal. A violent fever threw him upon his sick bed, and the skill of the physician could not arrest the fatal progress of the dis-

ease; he died the 8th February 1725.

Catharine's son had also in the mean time died, and the Czar, who in the last moments of his life, was perplexed in determining whom he should choose as his successor, was surprized by death, without having ordered any thing decisive with regard to this matter. But Menzikof, who was indebted to the widow of Peter for his life and his greatness, was resolved to keep her on the throne. He took possession of the treasury, convened the great men of the empire, and determined their minds by the solemn assurance, that Peter had appointed Catharine his successor, to accept of her as empress. In the sudden shock which

the state had received at this critical moment, every one thought it dangerous to oppose the proposal of Menzikof, inasmuch as there was a general belief, that the favorite had made the most terrible preparations to carry his design into execution, and that he would not leave even the most frightful means unemployed to accomplish his wishes. Catharine was therefore proclaimed empress of the Russian empire; although the last faltering words of the Czar, and the few syllables which his withered and feeble hand was yet able to trace, seemed to order the very reverse.

This elevation of Catharine, placed the highest power into the hands of the greatest enemies of Eudoxia, who according to the usual disposition of

the human heart, must have been hated the more by them, the more she herself had reason to hate Menzikof and Catharine.

Eudoxia but too soon felt the most humiliating effects of this hatred. Tolstoi received orders to convey her to Schluesselburg, and to take the severest measures to put it out of her power to undertake any thing against the new government. This faithful agent of Menzikof executed the order with the utmost cruelty. Eudoxia was shut up in a dark cell; and that the princess might more sensibly feel the terror of solitude, all the females who till now had served her, and shared with her the sufferings of confinement, were separated from her, and removed to a distance

from this gloomy abode, which resembled the grave. Their place was supplied by an old hateful female dwarf, who in her situation of bodily infirmities, was rather a burden than an aid to Eudoxia. There was seen the widowed consort of the greatest monarch of Europe, under the sad necessity of performing the meanest drudgery, if she did not wish to perish of impurity and pestilential air. To whom does not here occur, the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI, confined in the Temple?

Under the indescribable dejection which had taken possession of her mind, even the prop and consolation of religion were refused to Eudoxia; with unheard of cruelty, the support of a priest, for whom she intreated

with tears, that he might administer to her the holy sacrament, was denied her.

Tolstoi must necessarily have been employed by Catharine to make use of this barbarous severity, who not only in the life time of the Czar in so unjust a manner usurped the place of Eudoxia; caused her son Alexis to be robbed of his life and his crown; and by that means deprived her grandson of every hope to ascend the Russian throne; but now, uninterruptedly exercised her wickedly inventive mind, to devise new tortures for the by the whole world forsaken Eudoxia. From the fear, that the prisoner might form connections out of her prison, it was ordered every time to change the clothes of the

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officers and privates, who to guard the prison, exchanged posts, in order to be convinced, that no one had committed the crime of delivering any written proposals to Eudoxia. In case of such a discovery, the commandant of the fortress, had positive orders to hang on the spot, any person who should be found guilty of such an act, whether he were an officer or a common soldier.

At length, compassionate heaven heard the heavy sighs of Eudoxia, buried alive, and put an end to her misery: her deadly enemy, Catharine died two years after the demise of the Czar. Men of influence who had beheld the approaching dissolution of Catharine, and feared that her favorite Menzikof would attempt to

raise one of her daughters to the throne, used every exertion to persuade him to declare himself in favour of the son of prince Alexis. The hope with which they flattered him, that he might have his daughter married to the new emperor, who would be indebted to him for the throne, blinded him to such a degree, that while Catharine yet lived, he carried on intrigues with the court of Vienna respecting this project, through the medium of the Austrian ambassador, Count Von Rabutin, who was then at St. Petersburg. As soon as Catharine had closed her eyes, Prince Menzikof knew how to make his influence so effectual with the army and the nation at large, that he brought them over to the son of Prince Alex-

is; and what is very extraordinary, thus a second time under the pretence of a testamentary disposition of Peter the Great, disposed of the crown of Moscovy. Peter the second, the grandson of Eudoxia, and who was then only twelve years of age was by the influence of Menzikof proclaimed emperor and at the same time the favorite was appointed protector general of the empire, and generalissmo of the army. The council of state did not lose a moment's time to confirm the resolve of the prime minister to unite his daughter in marriage with the newly chosen Emperor.

Thus did Menzikof, the sworn enemy of Eudoxia; he who had persecuted her and her whole family with so much pertinacity suddenly alter his

principles, when his own family was to be elevated; his vengeance yielded to his ambition; and he not only procured her liberation, but placed the unfortunate princess near to that throne, from which during the two former reigns, he continually sought to keep her at a distance. After the solemn proclamation of the new sovereign had been issued, the arbiter of the throne, dispatched to Eudoxia, two cavaliers of the court, one of whom was his nearest relation. They acquainted her with the, to her, almost incredible exaltation of her grandson; and in the name of Menzikof, entreated her to give her consent to the union of the young emperor with the daughter of the omnipotent minister. Eudoxia, whose spir-

it and fortitude, neither fear nor despair could destroy, had now almost fallen a sacrifice to her joy, which in the hour of incredible surprize, threatened to burst her tender maternal heart. She sunk under the force of her sensibility, and with floods of tears only, could signify the strong sensations which affected her heart; for her lips were yet unable to utter a single word.

In this situation, when the rapid succession of an immense variety of sensations was so great, that the diversified expression of them was impossible for her, and the features of the most feeling being, appeared under the picture of insensibility, Eudoxia was led out of prison, to her future residence in the house of the

commandant of the fortress, where suitable apartments had previously been prepared for her.

When she had recovered from her first surprize, she could no longer doubt the favorable change of her fortune, which at first had appeared to her rather as a fantasy, than a reality. She became sensible that she was treated as an emperor's mother. The finest and most costly linens, the richest silks, and the most elegant and expensive silver plate for her table were collected from all quarters, and ten thousand dollars in money were delivered her, that she might purchase other necessary things. On the same day there appeared for her, chamberlains, chambermaids, a splendid equipage, and livery servants;

so that this princess, as if by magic, was suddenly removed from the most gloomy prison into the midst of a very splendid court, which, to gratify her utmost wishes, and obey her every command, watched all her winks.

It was left to her choice, either to repair to St. Petersburg, or to Moscow; she chose the latter city; where, until the arrival of the emperor she took up her residence in the cloister appropriated for nuns of noble extraction.

There streamed together the great personages of the empire; the nobility of the capital city, and of the whole surrounding country, to shew her their most heartfelt participation in her present felicity. She received

these demonstrations of friendship with the greater emotion, as she was convinced that they were not the consequence of her change of fortune, but of feeling, which her friends, for so long a time had been obliged to conceal in their bosoms until they saw to appear the lucky moment, like the most beautiful setting sun, after a tempestuous day of life, when without reserve, they dared to manifest their loud feelings to the beloved princess.

Without doubt this lively proof of a universal attachment, must have made a deep impression upon the feeling heart of Eudoxia; but it was not at all to be compared to the strong emotion, which the affectionate mother felt, when for the first time in her

life, she locked in her arms her grandson, and that as sovereign of the empire of Moscovy. All who were present at the meeting of the emperor Peter the second, and his sister Natalie, with the beloved mother of their father Alexis, were overwhelmed with tears. Eudoxia embraced her children, her lips could not articulate, tears of joy which flowed from the eyes of her grateful grand-children moistened the tender breast of the mother; but this enjoyment of the greatest bliss of which the human heart is susceptible, so violently operated on her spirits, that she fainted in their arms. It was with much difficulty that she was revived, and in the moment when she awoke, her soul was so concentred in the ecstacy

of her sensibility, that with open eyes, she sat still above an hour without being able to utter a single word.

The coronation day of the young monarch opened for the tender mother a new source of pleasure. She was present at the ceremony, and occupied the seat next to the emperor. She not only consented to the union of her grandson with Menzikof's daughter, but by her presence confirmed the legality of the marriage of the young couple, which was solemnized with extraordinary pomp. Let any one imagine to himself a succession of fortunate events, at whose occurrence the feelings of the heart are linked together in a thousand different forms; and then let him conceive if he can, the happiness

of Eudoxia, whose heart for whole years had been a stranger to every other sensation, except that of pain.

She now saw herself invested with all the rights to which she could lay claim by virtue of her marriage with Peter the Great; a pension of 60,000 rubels was assigned to her; in the public prayers which were made for the imperial family, her name was ordered to be mentioned immediately after that of the emperor. Her name day, and birth day were solemnized at court, and in the whole compass of the Russian state, with all the solemnity usual on occasions of this kind, and nothing was omitted which was due to her rank, as mother of the Emperor, and consort of Peter the first.

This alone must have crowned her happiness: the fall of Menzikof could not have heightened it. Eudoxia's soul was too magnanimous; her own misfortunes had too feelingly taught her the vanity and instability of human greatness, to leave her mind capable of receiving the least pleasure from the tragic end of this man, who was hurled from the pinnacle of earthly pride and grandeur, into the deepest distress. This presumptuous man was so intoxicated with the fumes of the incense, which creeping courtiers had offered him, that he felt giddy on the height to which fortune had raised him; but he was far from being frightened at his own elevation; he sought by every means in his power to preserve

it, and held the young Emperor in such a state of dependence, as might without hesitation be properly termed thraldom. By this arrogance he daily procured for himself new enemies; even his former adherents began to abhor him for thus abusing his power; but no one ventured openly to declare against him. Count Ostermann was one of his most irreconcileable enemies, who secretly sought for every opportunity, to strike this Colossus to the ground. No sooner did he hear that the Emperor had hinted to the most distinguished persons at court, how much he was disgusted with the severity, with which the haughty regent of the empire treated him, than he with much adroitness knew how to bring over to his interest

both the princes Dolgoruky, while he made it appear very probable to them, that they would be paving the way to the throne for their sister, if Menzikof's daughter, should be removed from it by the fall of her father. A hope so sweet, gained him the full confidence of the princes, and in a secret understanding with the princess Elizabeth, aunt of the Czar, they resolved to benefit by the sickness of the minister, which did not allow him to leave his palace, to shake off the yoke, which was so grievous to him. But there was too much time spent in mere deliberation, and the recovery of the stadtholder, dissipated the storm, which was gathering over his devoted head. But he continued both the princes Dolgoru

ky in the confidential post, which they took under the young Emperor; either because he did not know their real intentions, or because he believed himself strong enough to bid defiance to his opposers. They both availed themselves of his security, for the accomplishment of the plans of count Ostermann; and when the Emperor was one day at Peterhof, they so skilfully knew how to paint to him the disgrace of that dependance, in which a man, who was nothing more than his subject ventured to hold him, that on the spot they brought him to the determination to free himself from it.

The Emperor, with his confidential friends, fled from the Castle by jumping out of a window; Menzikof received immediate information of their

flight, and with the greatest rapidity hastened to Moscow: but he was not a little astonished, when he found other guards who refused to let him enter the palace. Confounded and transported with anger, without however losing his hopes, he repaired to his hotel, where at the moment he entered it, he saw himself surrounded by grenadiers, whose officer demanded his sword, and informed him that he was arrested. In vain did he entreat for an audience with the Emperor; the only answer he received consisted in an order, on the following morning to depart with his wife and children to Renneburg. The same order which exiled him to this superb country seat, allowed him to take with him all his effects, and also as

many domestics as he pleased. Menzikof indeed obeyed, but yet shewed so much haughtiness, that he of anew imbittered his enemies against him. In the middle of the day he left St. Petersburgh with a pomp, which no sovereign would exhibit; but scarcely had he proceeded two miles, when he saw a new detachment of grenadiers advancing, who ordered him to halt. The officer who commanded them, demanded from him, not only the Russian insignia, but also those badges of honor, he had received from foreign courts, and after he had delivered them up, he and his family were ordered out of the car of state, and commanded to go into a common waggon; which was to convey them to their place of destination.

By the first displeasure of the Emperor, his proud soul was shaken, but not humbled in the dust; for he believed that at Remneburg, he would be permitted to end his days in peace. But now being informed that he was banished to the wilds of Jakutzk, beyond the frontiers of Siberia, without being permitted to take with him more than eight domestics, his spirits entirely forsook him.

His wife died on the journey, and when he arrived at Tobolsk, he received 500 rubels by order of the Emperor.

From this place he was transported further, in an open sleigh, drawn by dogs, and having spent five months on the way, he at length arrived at the place appointed for him; where

he and his eldest daughter died in a state of extreme wretchedness. Thus fell Menxikof, who from the very dust had raised himself to such a height of power and grandeur, that nothing was wanting to him but the title—Emperor. His innocent daughter, who from her marriage with the Emperor expected the diadem, was pushed from the throne, and died in the deepest distress. His whole family became involved in his misfortunes; his estates and money-capitals, were confiscated, and the same man who under the reign of three sovereigns, stood as the centre, around whom all the transactions of a great state revolved, and who regulated them according to his own pleasure, was now stripped of the whole, banished to the

frightful wilds of Siberia, where want and grief put a period to his life.

Thus does the Almighty arm of providence here already reach the haughty man, who tramples on the rights of mankind, and who makes his own aggrandizement the only aim of all his actions. Often does he believe the never slumbering Nemesis to be still at a distance, when she already, with inexolerable foot, treads him in the dust.

The noble Eudoxia was too good, to contribute in the least to his misfortunes; but she could not change his fate. She enjoyed without molestation the sweet moments, which fortune seemed to have spread over the remainder of her life; but what mortal will confide in Fortuna, who

on the eternally rolling wheel wanders through every region, without long abiding at any one place. Scarcely had she for the short space of eighteen months enjoyed the felicity of seeing her grandson on the throne, when remorseless death deprived the mourafful mother, first of the princess Natalie, and a few weeks afterwards of the Emperor himself. He died of the small pox on the 30th January, 1730, and became only 14 years old. Altho' this painful loss did not occasion any alteration in the external circumstances of Eudoxia, yet the peace of her heart was buried with the two amiable sprouts of her family. She spent the remainder of her life in never ceasing grief.

The princess Anna, who succeeded

Peter the second on the throne, tried by every means to dry up her tears.—She persuaded her to appear at her coronation, allowed her all the perogatives due to her as the mother of the Emperor, and of which she was so proud when her beloved grandson ascended the throne; but she looked on all these joys as inconstant and fleeting; a view which must deprive them of all their charms. A lingering disease threw her on her bed of sickness, where she spent almost seven years, interspersed with but few days of better health, until death at length closed her languid eyes, which had shed more tears of woe than of joy.

U—B. Von G.

END OF THE HISTORY OF EUDOXIA.

# *APPENDIX.*

## THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STRELITZES.

WHEN Poland at the election of a king in 1697, became greatly distracted, Peter the Great found it necessary, as well for the protection of his own states, as for the support of the newly chosen king of Poland, to send a respectable force to the frontiers of Lithuania under the command of Colonel Romadanowski. On this occasion four regiments of Strelitzes began to revolt, inasmuch as they cashiered their officers, and ap-

pointed others in their stead. To oppose them, some troops from Moscow were immediately sent against them under General Gordon, whom the Bojar and Woiwod Schakin himself soon afterwards followed as generalissimo. The latter at first believed, that he would by means of gentle language be able to pacify the rebels, who in a very furious manner demanded their arrears of pay. But when this method proved ineffectual, he ordered the cannon and other arms to be loaded with blank cartridges and to be fired off upon the mutineers, in the hopes of changing their minds by this earnest measure; but when they perceived that the discharge of the guns of whole platoons produced no wounds, they became still more obstinate, and

with their own arms killed some of the generalissimo's men. This now caused him to use severity, and by firing on the rebels terrified them to such a degree, that after they had lost a considerable number of their men, they surrendered themselves and begged for mercy. The whole of them were put in chains, and their ringleaders immediately in the open field most terribly put to the rack, whereupon some of them confessed that they had determined to set fire to the whole German suburb, and to destroy it; to murder all the German inhabitants; to take the city of Moscow by assault; to put to the sword such of the soldiers as should oppose them, and not come over to them; and to murder some of the Bojars and drive

away the rest into a state of wretchedness, that they might the more easily bring the rabble under subjection to themselves. This being done, they designed to scatter about certain small billets, the contents of which were to be, that the Czar induced by the treacherous advice of the Germans, had left his country, and died beyond the seas; that in the next place, they had intended to intrust the administration of the government to the princess Sophia, the sister of the Czar, until the crown prince should have arrived at lawful age; that the banished Basil Galiczen, was also to have been recalled, to support the princess by his counsel and assistance.

In consequence of this confession the Schakin caused 70 of such mal-

efactors to be executed in one day; and on the following day 90 more of them. Peter the Great received information of these occurrences at Vienna, when he was on the eve of his departure for Italy. He now immediately changed his resolution of entering on a journey thither, and with the greatest rapidity returned to Moscow.

After his arrival the inquiry was zealously pursued. Peter was often present at the proceedings, and he himself drew up the articles of investigation. The whole of the month of October 1698 was spent in extorting confessions from the accused, by means of the knout and the application of fire; whereupon the gallowses and the encrimsoned places of execution were constantly occupied by vie-

tims. Some of the priests were accomplices in this conspiracy, inasmuch as they had not only prayed God, to prosper the designs of the Strelitzes, but had also to this end carried about in the camp, the image of the Virgin Mary and of St. Nicholas, and promised the rebels to bring the people over to them. Two of them also were executed, and Peter's* pleasant counsellor was obliged at the Holy Trinity Church to hang up one of them.

Sophia had taken no small part in this insurrection. Since the fourteenth year of her age already, she sought to take away her brother's life, and this was the reason why at the

* Lustiger Rath, (or Hofnarr,) signifies a king's, or emperor's fool.

cloister of the new virgins, she was continually under a military guard.—But notwithstanding this precaution, she, during these disturbances, had the address by means of an old female mendicant, to whom, under the appearance of charity, she intrusted letters concealed in bread, frequently to send them to the Strelitzes, who in the same secret manner answered all her letters. But although the whole conspiracy was discovered by this strict investigation, and the Czar himself interrogated the princess concerning it, yet from magnanimity he imposed no other punishment on her, than to order her to be removed to a more distant cloister.

The punishment of death was however pronounced against the whole

body of Strelitzes, and indeed the more justly, because before Peter's departure to Germany, they had already been pardoned for exciting another tumult, on condition, that they would never be guilty of a similar offence.—At the time of the first insurrection the condition was committed to writing, and by the tenor of it they rendered themselves liable to the severest punishments, in case they should again become disloyal, and rise up against Peter. This writing was subscribed by the Czar with his own hand, and likewise by all those who could write; the rest signed it by making the mark of a cross.

Therefore on the 10th of October, at the usual place of execution called Behraschenzko 230 of the rebels were

hung. On the following day, although the sentence of death extended to all the Strelitzes, 500 of them were so far pardoned that, their noses and ears being cut off, they were banished to the most distant frontiers of the empire. On the 17th six others were executed with the axe. But as the rebels had intended by force to scale the walls of the city, beams were put into all the embrasures that were nearest to the gates; and on the 21st two Strelitzes were hung to each of those beams, till the number of those hanged on this day amounted to 200. On the 23rd there were again some hundreds hung on the wall of the city. On the 27th 330 were at once led out to the place of execution, Bebraschenzko, and on this day

those Bojars, counsellors of state, and other grandees, who had been present at the painfully criminal trial of the Strelitzes, were obliged to undertake the trade of executioners, who however increased the pains of the condemned, owing both to their want of dexterity and timidity. Prince Romadanowski also, who before the rebellion had commanded these 4 regiments of Strelitzes, was obliged out of each regiment to behead one of the criminals, and Peter, sitting on a chair beheld the execution.

On the 27th a pope* was hung at the Trinity church by the emperor's fool; the head of another, was at the

* Every clergyman of the Greek church in Russia, is said to be called a pope.

same place struck off with an axe, and his body fastened to the wheel before the church. A short time before this, two brothers were broken alive on the wheel, before the castle of Kremelin; but 20 others, who were executed with the axe, lay in their own blood about the wheels. On this occasion Peter was also present, and from thence went to the cloister of the new virgins. Before this nunnery were erected 30 square gallowses, on which hung 230 Strelitzes. But three of the principal ones, who had intended to deliver to the princess Sophia a petition, to induce her to ascend the throne, had their writings hung in their hands, so nigh to the window of Sophia's apartment, that she might have reached them with her hand;

which probably was the reason, why afterwards in the above mentioned cloister, she chose the monastical state, and caused herself to be registered as a nun.

On the 31st also, two of the rebels were broken alive on the wheel; one of whom on the following day was yet alive on that engine of torture, but, about noon, Peter suffered himself to be prevailed on, to free him from his pangs by a musket shot. The remainder of them who were yet in confinement in places adjacent, were executed in their prisons, because his subjects had already seen examples enough, to serve them instead of positive warnings against disloyalty to their prince. Thus were all the Strelitzes exterminated, and even their

wives were banished beyond the frontiers of Russia.

K. F. W. FLEISCHER.

THE END.

ASHBEL STODDARD, PRINTER.

# HOW TO SYNDICATE MANUSCRIPTS

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THE WRITER'S DIGEST

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## CHAPTER I

### The Syndicate Writer's Study

THE man had set the hour at four, as being most convenient to himself, and The Girl had taken care to be painfully prompt, even going so far as to tour the block half a dozen times, that she might ring the bell just as the clock in the school-house tower nearby struck the first beat of the hour.

She had presented the introductions mentioned over the telephone two days previous, and while she settled herself in the chair he had proffered, he read them through—rather hastily, it seemed.

Concluding the letter from an old friend and good customer on the *News* at Indianapolis, the man stepped to the window and adjusted the shade.

"There are two things you wish to know," he quoted from her conversation with him on the telephone that other day:

"Where to find things to write about for what we call syndicating to the Sunday supplements, and how, having found this material, you can best put it into salable shape?"

She nodded a hasty assent.

He could not guess,—this man who went about, interviewing people of every age and sex, when under every possible form of human emotion—how her very heart was bursting with eagerness for his reply—for the Open Sesame to the career to which, now that she had come and seen even just so much of the writer's workshop home, she had indissolubly dedicated herself!

He could not guess—of course he could not—and so, for one long moment, he stood at the sill, gazing off into sky or space or nothingness, or call it what you will.

Meanwhile the girl looked about her, just as this man, who knew the value of bringing people squarely into certain states of mind, may have expected her to do.

This, then, was the kind of place in which men who did syndicate work, as the Sunday editor of the *News* had said, pursued their livelihoods.

The chamber, she noted first of all—for she had taken a course in industrial hygiene when at college—was large and airy. All preconceived notions of attic sanctums, with bare walls, having their most unsightly chinks hidden beneath colored supplements and rotogravure

pages from the Sunday papers; with battered desks and bare, ink-spattered floors, and masses of crumpled paper littering things just everywhere, were shattered at each turn.

Preconceived notions of inherent love of disorder, of lack of system, of lack of care for even the most ordinary conventions, by the 'free lance writer' she had so long in mind, went by the board, as she let her eyes steal to various parts of this inviting chamber.

Her host was evidently weighing his answer; he stood at the window, silent for some time.

Possibly he was framing his reply. Possibly, student of human nature that he had to be, he was giving his guest time to erase old, popular notions of free lance writers and their Bohemian studies, and giving her time to bring in the new, more correct background.

The room, to repeat, was large—larger than most big-scale living-rooms are built these days—enclosed by almost sound-proof walls, and decidedly high-ceilinged and airy.

A grate-fire crackled on the hearth, dispelling the early autumn chill, for it was not yet so cold that the furnace should be lighted.

Across from the hearth a large glass door opened on a small sheltered veranda, where an open metal typewriter-desk gave traces of work in progress until brought to a halt because of the chill of the evening.

Between hearth and porch a soft blue rug, an inch in thickness, subdued the sound of footsteps as the host and his guest and, by and by, a serving maid, come with a tray, walked about.

Mysterious closets, concealed by big white doors, opened on either hand, and where the door to one of these had not been fully closed, the girl caught sight of endless boxes containing typewriter papers, carbon-sheets, envelopes, and similar supplies.

In short, already her discerning eye was brought to realize that here was a place for everything; all things were in their proper places at all times. Apparently, order must be the first law of living here, for when a man in this work needed something, he needed it at once, and it must be immediately available.

Two of the broad walls of the room were all but hidden by shelves with books. Part of the fourth wall was occupied by a steel filing cabinet, its drawers, crammed with white filing cards. A

larger safe-size steel cabinet, for notes and films, occupied another section of the wall-space near.

In the bay-window, which formed the outer wall of the room, the host had his desk and chair.

Through the half-drawn curtains she could see swaying limbs of old cherry trees, and a row of maples hedging the lawn.

With such a place to work, away from the hum and the thrum of the business centers, and within easy reach by street-car or auto of the libraries, the shops, and the innumerable other sources for material, one could write, write, and WRITE almost ceaselessly, she felt.

"How wonderful the trees are, this autumn!" the man suddenly commented. "I don't know when they've been so beautiful. Within a week those maples, the sweet gums around the corner, and the oaks in the park yonder will form a kaleidoscope of color which is worth travelling a thousand miles to see!"

He seated himself in a rocker across from his caller, poured some steaming chocolate from the great Sevres pitcher in which the maid had brought it, and invited his guest to help herself from a small platter of cakes.

"I'm exceedingly fond of Nature—trees and flowers especially!" he excused himself. "But I believe most Americans, most Anglo-Saxons, are! The old, primordial inheritance, I suppose it is. A legacy from Father Caveman, or Mother Paleolith!

"Wherever you go, even down into the crowded tenements, you'll find people interested in plants—in trees and shrubs. In the bits of parks which are often the only breathing places of the poor, in many cities, I've found men and women, children even, wondering just WHY the leaves turn color in the fall!"

He stepped to the room beyond and touched the release to the victrola. Perhaps he knew the effect of soft music on the human brain and on the tongue.

He returned to his chair and faced the girl squarely.

"What do YOU suppose causes the leaves to change color every autumn? Why do some of them drop—those maple leaves, for instance; while others—and I do not mean the needles of the evergreens, but leaves of some of the oaks and the sycamores—remain on their twigs until spring, and sometimes until well along into the next fall?"

He stopped, as abruptly as he had put his question.

The girl flushed beneath his searching gaze of inquiry.

"I'm sure I don't know!" she faltered.

Out of the hazy autumn skies there came, in the moment of silence following his reply, the call of a crow, the vanguard of a huge flock of the birds trailing the heavens behind him.

"Every fall the birds go South," the man changed conversation quickly.

"Every school-boy and school-girl knows that. But, just where do they go? What occurs when they arrive at their destination?

"If you and I were members of such a flock, how would we set up housekeeping for the winter in our new home? How would we break house in the spring?

"Are we welcome down there, or not? Fancy what it means to a Southern ruralist to have a giant flock of birds like that one," he was pointing to the darkened skies without, now black with crows, dropping themselves on his land!

"What a wonderful story some naturalist could tell us—or we might obtain by writing husbandmen in the places to which the birds may eventually fly—of the end of that long, long trail! Don't

you think that a magazine editor would rejoice over an article on such a subject?

The man resumed his seat.

The music in the other room had ceased; he did not bother to renew it.

Instead, he took a sip of the iced shrub conveniently near, and then went on, in his quiet way—*apropos,* it appeared, of almost nothing at all:

"I was reading in the paper this morning of how Dewey's old flagship, the OLYMPIA, had been sent to France to bring home the remains of an unknown soldier, who is to be interred with national honors at Arlington Cemetery.

"You know, there's a strange fascination in the thought behind all that! The unknown soldier—who MIGHT he be? It's getting to be some little time since the war, and here and there people are reverting to the war-themes. Just HOW did he lose his identity?

"Not every one of us went to camp—off to war—of course! Those who did not go, cannot recall very clearly just how men had their identity marked for them before leaving for the front. Remember how it was urged in certain quarters that every soldier, sailor and marine should have his name, his number, and his permanent address tattooed

on his back or chest? Why was that tabooed?"

He didn't wait for her to answer; he paused just long enough for the question to sink home.

"Instead, Uncle Sam began to use identification disks. Why didn't they accomplish the purpose intended? What caused men to lose their identification disks? Why didn't a man get another, —or scribble his identity on some bit of paper and tuck this somewhere about him, on discovering this?

"In short, WHY is an unknown soldier?

"In the light of the timeliness given this subject by the forthcoming demonstration in honor of that Unknown Soldier, I believe it would pay someone to interview members of his nearest American Legion post, write the proper authorities at the War Department, and learn what can be found out."

He stopped again.

With half an eye he studied the face of the girl across the room from him.

He saw the understanding smile he was evidently seeking, and continued:

"President Harding has selected a notable company of four to represent us in the diplomatic negotiations which should

insure world peace for some time. As I understand it, these men will draft a treaty which will have to be approved by the American Senate, as far as this country's share in it is concerned. When both parties to the treaty are fully agreed as to its ratification, two copies will be made of it on parchment. Representatives of each party will sign these copies; each nation will receive a copy, which will be brought to its capital and become a part of the supreme law of the land.

"You know all that, of course; but it's interesting to think about, isn't it? Aladdin's Lamp did not control, or hold more powerful forces in leash, than does that simple strip of parchment."

He wheeled again and faced her.

"Why is parchment? How is it prepared? What DOES it cost now? Why does it cost so much? How long has it been found to last?

"You probably don't know; Neither do I! I'm frank to admit that I have only the haziest notions.

"Now if you don't know, and I don't know, and we're both college graduates and try to keep abreast of things, then rest assured there are tens of thousands

of people who don't know, and who would like to find out."

He threw himself into a big leather easy-chair, and drew a little nearer his hearer.

## CHAPTER II

### The Possibilities for Syndicating

A TOWER clock in near distance struck the half-hour, accompanying the stroke with soft, musical chimes.

"Back in college," the man began, his voice strangely gentle now, "we learned that this is an age of division of function. It's an age of specialization. The butcher, the baker, the electrolier-maker, each have their specific lines to follow, and so they cannot take time, even if they know how to proceed and have the inclination to ferret so far into sources, to discover the answers to questions of the sort I have asked.

"Instead, they are willing to buy their daily papers—especially the 'Sunday papers,' as we call them—read the results of some other man's investigations into timely subjects, and so become familiar with matters to the extent that the average layman desires.

"Innumerable newspapers find that their Sunday circulations are double, often treble, that of any week-day. This is due to the fact that in communities boasting several morning papers, most

families have the time to read just one of these each week-day. News is pretty much the same in all of them—each gets its 'scoop,' or 'beat' over all the others on some 'story,' now and then; they differ in the manner of presenting that news, they differ in politics and so in editorials, but, so far as keeping abreast with the times along news lines, read one paper and you have practically read them all.

"On Sunday, however, people do not stop with one paper. Sunday is a leisure day, the day when many folk find most time to read.

"Whether right or wrong, from the standpoint of Church doctrines, which we cannot stop to discuss here, we know that a very large proportion of our population reads its newspapers on the Sabbath even more than on other days.

"The newspaper publishers, not slow to realize this fact, have long seen to it that each and every buyer of their paper shall be given just as much reading matter as they can afford to give for the cost of one copy, and usually as much as any one reader might desire. Competition between papers in a city often centers largely on these Sunday supplements, or 'magazines,' and since the cost of a copy

of each paper is so small—five cents, and in some cases now ten cents—many people purchase, or subscribe, for a copy of each of the Sunday papers appearing in their city, in order that they may take their pick of the reading material in the supplements, very much as they would take their pick among the indices to so many other, more familiar forms of magazines.

"'Competition'," and he laughed, as he pointed to a huge budget of newspapers on a stool in the corner, "'is the life of trade,' in newspaperdom, as elsewhere. Competition forces each and every one of the papers in a given city to give its reader an as up-to-the-moment, bright, interesting, sparkling Sunday supplement as its publishers can afford.

"Papers in a given city vie with each other principally on the entertainment and on the educational value of their Sunday supplements.

"It follows, therefore," and he flung open the doors to his safe-cabinet, to reveal shelves of books filled with notes taken first hand, and with packets of envelopes filled with films to illustrate the data, "that the material for these papers must be prepared.

"The Sunday supplements and the Saturday supplements issued by some of

the evening papers must have timely, trustworthy, informative material.

"Preparing such material," and he held up a small packet of envelopes containing perhaps two hundred films, "is expensive, in these days.

"Here are some pictures taken in Labrador. They can be used for articles on the cod-industry of the North, on furring, on the knob-end of the continent, on the Gulf Stream, on ice-bergs, and on whaling and sealing, at any time.

"It involved a trip from here to Toronto; thence by rail to the east coast of Canada; by water to Newfoundland; a day and a half by rail across the Island to St. John's, the capital; then ten days by boat up the Labrador coast to Nain, to secure this little collection, and the notes in the diary behind the packet as it rests on the shelf there. Then, very obviously, there was the journey home. You can figure out the cost of the trip for yourself. Remember, a man must live and be clothed, *en route;* and that meanwhile he is not producing articles—not earning."

He turned to another budget, or film-pack.

"Texas and the Mexican border—the latter always apt to creep into the limelight," he said.

"Remember the big flood at San Antonio recently? You can readily see that papers all over the eastern half of the United States couldn't send writers to San Antonio to see the city, and tell of its interesting features, of the places harmed—and have the accounts ready for publication while the flood was still the paramount subject in the public mind.

"Instead—well, *there* are the notes and *there* are the negatives. In no less time than it would take to write an article on 'THE WALK TO TOWN,' we can turn out an article on: 'QUEER CORNERS OF STRICKEN SAN ANTONIO.'

"That article," he explained, demonstrating from his scrap-books with articles on other places—Dayton, notably, —when they were stricken by some great holocaust, "is interesting to readers everywhere.

"The number of persons in any one city who read the papers of other cities, —with the exception of the New York and Chicago papers, which are almost national,—is so slight that they are not considered in the syndicating business, as we term this selling of the same work to many papers.

"The man in Cincinnati does not read the Columbus papers, nor the man in Columbus the Cleveland or Toledo prints.

"Except in the case of traveling men, the circulations of city papers do not overlap, or 'compete.'

"This being true, it is perfectly legitimate to sell the same material to one paper—but to only one paper, then—in each of a number of cities.

"That, in brief, is syndicating,—selling one copy of your material in as many different cities as you care to,—taking care that circulations do not overlap, and seeing to it that every article is dated, at the top or at the bottom, with the earliest date on which it may be published, or as correspondents put it, a 'release date'."

He turned to his card-file and, under the general subject of: NEWSPAPERS —SUNDAY OR SATURDAY SUPPLEMENTS, exposed to his caller's eye an almost endless list of names.

"When you've exhausted that list of American newspapers, there are the papers of Canada, of the British Isles, and then of Australia, too," he said.

"I believe you will admit that there's a pretty big market—and, to be frank, a very profitable one—open to whosoever can master the really simple knack of

syndicating—or, as it's often put, 'getting into the Sunday magazines'."

He then went into details—the whys and wherefores of what is one of the most thoroughly delightful and probably the most profitable field of Anglo-Saxon journalism as practised today—the syndicating of material to the Sunday and Saturday afternoon magazines.

## CHAPTER III

### Developing the "Story Sense"

"IT'S easy enough to write an article, to manifold it, or send it out to be returned in the shape of as many printer's proofs as one may desire, and then to mail these to as many different publishers as one may have copies," the neophyte to the work of Writing for Profit will remonstrate, again and again,

"But—what shall one write about?"

The plaint reminds those who have schooled themselves to look for subjects for "stories"—articles are always called STORIES in this branch of the writer's craft—of the favorite anecdote of one of the New York editors of the times of Greeley and Dana and the other giants of that school.

A "cub reporter" had been sent to "cover" the meeting of the representatives of various peace societies in a remote section of the big metropolis.

The reporter left the office, his steplight, his head high, his heart beating wildly at the very joy of "doing" his first big assignment.

He went to the building where the

meeting was held. He made notes of who acted as presiding officer, as secretary PRO TEM, then who was elected president of the conference, who was appointed his permanent secretary, and so on. The proceedings opened with the usual generalities. The subjects of the impromptu and, more often, studied talks he jotted in his note-book as well.

Then a debate began over the context of the last of the addresses. It waxed warm. By and by the meeting was in an uproar, and the remarks of the various speakers almost indistinguishable.

The scribe picked up his hat and left in disgust.

He returned to the office and filed with his chief, in due course, a brief summary of the events up to, but not including the broil.

The man at the "copy desk" thought he detected something amiss with the story.

He sent for the reporter, luckily still in the room beyond.

"This 'dope' ends rather queerly," he said. "What happened after this man's address came to an end?"

"They broke up in a fight, Sir," he answered briskly. "I came away!"

The editor faced the stripling in anger

and yet in pity, for one long moment. This man had set his star in journalistic skies!

"They were to have discussed Peace—perhaps have settled the problem of the ages—and they broke up in a fight! So you came away? There was nothing to write?"

The reporter bowed; flushing now, as he saw his error.

That night he was dismissed.

The point of the incident is that in almost every happening, in every occurrence apt to find its way into print at any time, there is a "story," all apart from the mere detailed report of what those most concerned really did.

To detect this story; then develop it, from the mere skeleton which the actual report of the affair for the news column may give of it, is the trick—and the only trick, or knack, or art, or secret, call it what you will—toward successful syndicate writerhood.

To be able to detect the "story" in an event is known, in the newspaper office, as "having the nose for news."

The syndicate writer must develop that "nose for news" first of all.

If he cannot see a story when he comes upon it, there will very often be

nothing but the barest and most uninteresting of commonplaces to write concerning most affairs.

Throughout this discourse we shall use, wherever possible, as the site of examples to be taken, the city of Cincinnati and its surroundings.

Cincinnati is the home of the publishers of this magazine. That, however, is not our only reason for selecting it. Cincinnati may well be regarded as a typical American community. It is not a world-metropolis, such as New York, Chicago or San Francisco. It is not an overgrown country town nor a village.

What holds true in Cincinnati is rather apt to be true in every other large-size American city, outside the three metropolitan communities named.

In Cincinnati, as we close this page, the Junior Chamber of Commerce—an organization of the younger men of the town—announces that a week from Saturday as many of its members as can find the time are to report at Fountain Square, the city's heart, and give the Tyler Davidson Fountain, the central landmark of the entire locality and guideon for motorists and other travellers for a hundred miles around, the first scrubbing it has ever received. The Foun-

tain, it may be explained, has been in place at the heart of one of the sootiest, grimiest portions of town for half a century.

There is a mighty good news story in this announcement.

A trained reporter for the Cincinnati *Times-Star, Post* or *Commercial Tribune,* would probably write it up in very much this way:

JUNIOR CHAMBER TO SCRUB THE FOUNTAIN.

CINCINNATI'S MOST IMPORTANT LANDMARK TO BE GIVEN FIRST ANNUAL HOUSECLEANING BY FIFTY YOUNG CITIZENS.

Fifty members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, headed by Secretary Leon Weiss of that organization, are to give the Tyler Davidson Fountain its first annual housecleaning Saturday afternoon, work to start promptly at half past two.

Safety Director Hornberger gave the Junior Chamber permission to do this work on condition that the art critics of the Cincinnati newspapers and the leaders of the Municipal Art Society pledged themselves to no adverse criticism after the task had been accomplished.

Mr. Weiss and Mr. Hitner have interviewed the parties mentioned, and report that as long as the cleaners do not interfere with the delicate coat of green which the bronze of the Fountain has acquired as a result of its half century of exposure to the elements, they may proceed with their task.

The members of the Junior Chamber are young men, all of them, and most of them are

young married men. A great concourse of young wives is expected to be on hand, therefore, to see the tables turned, and watch the men perform the scrubbing while the women stand by and look on.

The four paragraphs tell the story.

If the paper printing it should become cramped for space, if President Harding should make some startling announcement reaching the papers just in time for the first edition, if there should be a huge fire in the locality, of such importance to the readers as to obscure all other items, the story of cleaning the Fountain could be compressed to this:

JUNIOR CHAMBER TO CLEAN THE FOUNTAIN.

Fifty members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce are to scrub and otherwise clean the Tyler Davidson Fountain, beginning at two-thirty Saturday afternoon. Beyond prescribing that the verdigris shall not be touched, Municipal Art Society experts and the art critics of the newspapers, who have been consulted, find no objection to the plan, Safety Director Hornberger, being assured of this fact, issued the permit to the Junior Chamber this afternoon.

One evening paper might even content itself with a tabloid item,—one of many in a column titled: "AT A GLANCE," —reading thus:

FOUNTAIN TO BE CLEANED—Fifty members, Junior Chamber of Commerce, will

clean Tyler Davidson Fountain Saturday afternoon. The coat of green will be left untouched, local art experts so recommending to the authorities.

That is the news side of the story.

Assume now that you are a professional syndicate writer, supplying papers of America, perhaps also Canada, and even England, and that you are in search of a theme.

The theme must, first of all, be timely.

A newspaper is a NEWS-paper, even in its magazine section.

It must give its readers interesting, readable features, just as soon as possible after the events described in the given articles have occurred; or it must present its readers with a graphic, attention-holding account of something to occur very shortly; or, better still, where that is humanly possible, it must give the reader something to read which is pertinent—APROPOS—to the day of publication; that week; or at least the month in which it comes to print.

Again, it must make that article *local* to that reader, wherever he may dwell in the paper's sphere of circulation; if that can be done.

The syndicate writer picks up the *Times-Star* and reads the item as given.

The brain process ensuing, almost as

he completes the headlines, is interesting, as telling the beginner just how stories, or subjects for such, take their rise.

"Cincinnati's Junior Chamber of Commerce is to clean Cincinnati's greatest landmark," the syndicate writer paraphrases, to himself.

"That's a strange—a most unusual job! Fancy young attorneys, bankers, salesmen, school-teachers, men who probably haven't touched a scrub-brush since the time they dropped knee trousers and ceased scrubbing the kitchen for mother, coming out—in the most public of public places—to scrub and wipe clean and polish and scrub!"

The account of a proceeding of the sort would be as interesting to Jack Roosa, in Seattle, as it would be to Friend Fabing in Tallahassee.

If, while you or I were dining in London, in Birmingham, England; in Vancouver, or in Sydney, Australia, we shall find conversation turning to house-cleaning, to statuary, to public landmarks, to cities beautiful, to the work of organizations of young men, and if we should proceed to tell of the house-cleaning the youth of Cincinnati gave its fountain—how young Smith upset the bucket of suds on his neighbor; of how Binney brought along a jug of vinegar, because

he'd heard it was good for bronzes;—we'd be certain of holding the hearers' interest to the end!

In other words, how the Cincinnati Chamber cleaned the big Cincinnati Fountain would make a story worth while!

But, it always pays, somehow, to give a client as much as one can for the remuneration to be made.

The story of cleaning the Cincinnati Fountain in the particular way described, would probably sell in all of those places to newspapers carrying feature or magazine supplements, when treated in the feature way.

To treat it in the "feature way" for such syndication, but without especial regard to the fact that it would be published many miles from Cincinnati, would be to write an account of the work to be done as the Cincinnatian with an hour of leisure, the Cincinnatian with the time to peruse the magazine supplements, would wish it described.

A possible heading would read:

"YOUNG CINCINNATUS GOES HOUSE-CLEANING.

"FIFTY REPRESENTATIVE YOUNG CITIZENS DON OVERALLS; TAKE BUCKET AND SCRUB-BRUSH, AND CLEAN THE CITY'S BIG LANDMARK."

The writer of the article would state, in one paragraph,—and preferably in one sentence,—the fact that half a hundred young Cincinnatians, representing all the better classes of citizens, were prepared to clamber here, there, and everywhere about *the* Fountain, as it is known in Cincinnati, and give it the first house-cleaning in all the half century of its holding the place of honor.

He would then describe, rather briefly, —for local readers would have read the facts elsewhere in the newspapers, and out-of-town readers would not greatly care—just who originated the project; who had been appointed to assist *him;* what formulas for permission to do the work the given city prescribed.

These facts would be given, in order to give a certain historical completeness" to the article.

Then, to the things the reader would want to know!—How the feature is developed from this point on belongs to another chapter of this volume, however.

Suffice it, a "local feature" which would be a very passable syndicate feature—a feature interesting to readers anywhere—has come into existence from the basic theme.

The professional syndicate writer, though, will not stop here.

That story is a Cincinnati story and, away down in our hearts, you, who live in Atlanta, and I, who may live in Des Moines, and Cousin Frank, in Denver, and Miss Devine, in Chattanooga, would much rather read about home-town things than about the Queen of the West, which none of us have ever seen.

So the story must be "localized" to all those places and to as many others as the story is to be sent.

Difficult?

Not at all!

Not every city has a Junior Chamber of Commerce.

As a result, any emphasis on the work the youths are doing would hardly make the story universal.

Hardly a city, particularly now that the war is over and memorial tablets or statues have been raised to those who made the Supreme Sacrifice, and often to all who went forth to make the good fight,—but has some great public monument of some sort.

Chances are, even if that memorial is in place a six-month only, it could stand a cleaning and polishing.

There are limits, as a rule, to city funds; there are limits to what lazy city fathers think of. Scrubbing the monuments is pretty apt to be the very least

of the worries of those in charge of the public places; they never think of this work, or, if they do, they realize, almost instantaneously, that there are more pressing uses for the funds at their command.

Hence,—well, there is hardly a community anywhere but has its welfare association, business men's club, chamber of commerce or similar organization, and, usually, a suggestion to the willing is sufficient.

"WHEN HAVE YOU HOUSE-CLEANED YOUR CITY'S STATUES?

"Unusual Task Attempted By Some Young Men of the Mid-West Points Its Telling Lesson to Communities Everywhere"

should catch the eye of the reader in pretty nearly every city, the English-speaking world over. IT, and the pictures which should accompany the article;—pictures showing Beresford, the ink export agent, on the ledge above the Goddess of Waters, playing a scrub-brush to her rich brown tresses; of Fisher, with the bucket, taking water from the mouth of the dolphin on whose back is balanced the Brazen Faun; and of the other scrub-men PRO TEM.

WHEN HAVE YOU HOUSE-CLEANED YOUR CITY'S STATUES?

or

SOMETHING FOR OUR YOUNG MEN TO DO FOR OUR TOWN,

or perhaps

SPEAKING OF REAL COMMUNITY SPIRIT,

and then an appropriate sub-title, and you have struck the keynote of a story worth the syndicating indeed!

## CHAPTER IV

### Finding Subjects for the Syndicate Article

THE incident furnishing the basic *motif* for the fountain-cleaning story, mentioned in the preceding chapter, is rather exceptional, we grant.

All really salable syndicated features must deal with the exceptional, however. The world loves the simple, homely things, in fiction, in the movies, on calendars, in the art galleries. But it loves the strange, curious, out-of-the-ordinary, most, when it scans the contents of the Sunday magazines.

The unusual, however—and the paradox is not put here as a play on words only—is the usual, the commonplace, the thing on every hand, with the writer keeping eyes alert for it!

Syndicate writers are fond of dropping the remark, and accepting the instant challenge hearers give them!

"Give me a copy of today's paper, if you're in a town of at least ten thousand people," as we heard one man say it, "and if I can't find subjects for at least five good, salable features in the time it

takes me to read the headlines of the issue, I'll stand treat to the best dinner in town! If I can, you stand the treat!"

He won the challenge, every time; for it's the easiest sort of a feat for a man who has trained his sense of STORIES to perform, let him drop in anywhere.

On the desk before me, as I write, is a copy of one of Cincinnati's morning papers, the *Commercial Tribune*. The date is September 14th.

I turn to the local pages, first, in search of "tips"—suggestions—for features.

I take the columns as they come, left to right, top to bottom of each in turn, across the page.

The upper left-hand corner of page 12 contains the two-column advertisement of a leading women's-wear house, announcing the "newest and most exclusive fashions for autumn and winter."

"Fashions which come direct from the great *couturiers* and *modistes* of Europe, —from the very makers of fashion," this advertisement puts it.

Just how do we get our styles, anyway? The big women's-wear concerns no doubt send buyers to the great centers like New York, and perhaps Paris. Arrived there, the buyers buy from what is shown. But, who settles the styles those

wares shall assume; when do they settle this, so that the "*couturies* of the world," as the advertisement puts it,—the dress designers and the dress producers and the others concerned—may make them—market them; the buyers purchase them; the wares be delivered to far-removed cities, Tacoma and Carson City and Louisville and Milwaukee, in season for "fall opening time?"

An article entitled:

ARE ALL OF OUR STYLES SIX MONTHS BEHIND OR MORE?

Your Modiste Might Not Care to Own Up to It, But That Modish Gown You've Just Received Was Designed In the Early Spring.

Interesting Tales Out of School Other Garments Might Tell Concerning the Setting of Late Autumn Styles

should sell with innumerable Sunday editors who know that women read their magazines. Nor would the article hurt the advertisers concerned; the shrewd feature writer watches against this. Advertisers provide the bone and sinew of the exchequer from which the papers pay

him. Instead, the article would stress the infinite care which is taken by the dealer in the very city where the reader may be living, to see to it that he receives his wares in good time to display them, simultaneously—if not just a little before all competitors—for the "autumn trade" to inspect and eventually buy.

It stresses the care taken by the house through which the local man secures his foreign models, if he does not send a representative overseas, to bring him the latest, most fashionable, most absolutely CHIC, in abundant time.

In short, it tells readers a great many things advertisers find it well worth the reader's knowing, in turn, as explaining the seemingly exhorbitant prices asked for the various "creations" they may show.

An article on this subject sells almost instantly. Often big stores write the author, offering neat sums to buy the right to reproduce it, in circulars or otherwise;—but of side-lines to the exchequer of the feature-writer considerably more anon.

Let's look through that advertisement a bit further.

"Luxurious fur-trimmed models," it emphasizes.

All through the trying war years, the wild things of the fur-lands were left unmolested; men who could trudge the hills and trap, men who could shoot, without mutilating pelts, were used in the fight with the Hun.

Thanks to this, the wild things have had a chance to multiply; furs are more plentiful; you can get real bargains.

Advertisements of bargains in furs, however, are always looked upon by many laymen with suspicion, and with reason. But the reasons do not hold good with high-grade houses, as people would know, if only they could be brought to understand,—to detect frauds.

FINDING FRAUDS IN AUTUMN FURS

the thousand and one interesting clues to dishonest practices the clerks of any reputable furrier will gladly give—makes a capital story, easily obtainable.

Farther down the page is an advertisement of the paper itself.

"Everything under the sun," it informs us, "may be found advertised in the want-ad. pages of today's *Commercial Tribune.*"

FINNEY TRIES A WANT-AD.

provides a splendid opportunity for the feature writer who is clever with a touch

of humor, and knows how to take human interest pictures with a camera.

"Finney" is the writer-man himself. He starts his story at the municipal lodging-house, where the homeless and the destitute are overnighted. He scans the want-ad. columns of a local daily, he makes a list of the positions he believes he can fill. As he has no money for car-fare, he walks from place to place, where men of his sort are announced to be welcome.

Interesting experiences are in store. A touch of pathos helps such a story.

It helps the man who inserts want-ads., at so much a line, when he goes in search of "jobs." It gives him a kinder reception; it helps him to a position. It will cause him to urge other men in need of work to advertise in the paper carrying that story.

In the end, of course, "Finney" must find a position!

But the successful end of the pursuit of positions indicated in the want-ads. need not occupy over a paragraph of space.

Again, an evening paper, *The Post,* is conducting an "automobile-title-contest," it is called, and it displays here, in the morning journal, wash-drawings of two rather familiar types of car.

"What make cars are these?

"Do you know automobiles by sight?" it asks. Then conditions of the contest are given.

HAVE YOU EYES AND SEE NOT? THERE'S A THOUSAND THINGS YOU MEET WITH, EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIVES

And Could Not Name If You Must! is suggested by this.

The syndicate writer assumes the reader—a man, let us say here—starting the morning. He rises from his bed, and the sheet drops to the floor. What's the sheet made of? Linen, of course! But, what kind of linen—just what would he ask for, should he have to go to the department store and match it exactly, without a sample?

He slips to the stationary wash-stand; he picks up the towel, to have it handy, when his face must be dried. It's made of——Ask the next man you see. If he answers *linen,* then ask him why the towel, the sheet, the napkin he'll use at breakfast, and the table-cloth are none of them exactly alike in texture.

Continue your day with Mr. Everyman, and it's amazing the many things

he cannot title correctly, to say nothing of really knowing about them.

We have read through just two columns of the page of this paper now.

There are eight columns to the page, in all.

A head-line, detailing charges against an executor and claiming that the plaintiff's father died without making a proper will, gives an interesting suggestion instanter.

THAT WILL OF YOURS.

YOU HAVEN'T MADE IT JUST YET,—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE—SO NONE OF THESE THINGS COULD HAPPEN TO HEIRS OF YOURS!

Arrange for an interview with your probate judge; ask him about cases he has known that have come to court because men failed to draw wills, or failed to make their wills all that the law requires; find timeliness for your story in a "recent case, down in Cincinnati," and you'll have a feature that ought to sell.

One man is reported as having failed in his attempt to recover money paid for German bonds?

WERE YOU ALSO BITTEN?
Tens of Thousands of Loyal Americans Stand Losers Through Buying the Bonds of the Hun, Before Uncle Sam Went to War

makes it possible to give thousands of curious readers the real facts, as your banker knows them, about German bonds.

So there are innumerable subjects for features,—features interesting to the Cincinnatian, to the reader in Manitoba, in Utah, or in Georgia.

By and by one will have exhausted the one page of the *Commercial.*

There are twelve pages to this mid-week, daily issue.

Every page is replete with suggestions; and there are other papers.

Many are the stories obtainable by the woman or man who has never been beyond the confines of the city.

Infinitely many more, however, are available to the syndicate writer who has travelled, first in his own country, then Canada, then England, later Europe, and then the other, remoter lands, in search of material for pictures, material for the note-book, from which mines he may draw, as occasion presents.

Syndicate writing and travelling cor-

respondence come, before a very long time, with all but the most negligent syndicate writer, to be one thing and the same.

Week-ends, the writer who has slaved at his desk, yearns for pastures new,—for other fields.

Camera in hand, note-book in pocket, off and away he goes; by rail or by boat, sometimes by interurban; as often by automobile.

It's a pleasure junket, this trip of his,—only, unlike most sight-seeing pleasure junkets, the man takes notes, takes perhaps more pictures than he would were pleasure, rest, or diletante sight-seeing his only goal.

When the winter's snows lie deep, and the icy blasts freeze the very marrow, when the summer sun beats down and there isn't a zephyr blowing, the very brain of the writing man often rebels, and he goes vacationing for a longer time.

He goes to the Southern seas, to the great, warm West, to the summer playgrounds of the North, or to Canada and, purse permitting, beyond.

He goes, and he rests, and he plays, and he has his good fun, as vacationers otherwise do!

Only,—well, the note-book's handy,

and the camera's kept convenient; and the man is instantly "on the job," he would put it, when interesting things appear.

He browses thus in pastures wholly new each vacation-time, collecting films and notes. The broader the area represented by these, the broader the scope of the big, wide world he may draw on for timely, pertinent themes.

The wider this range, the more respect he commands from those who order features.

So the syndicate writer becomes a travelling correspondent also; the two fields interlock.

Just incidentally, a syndicate writer IS a travelling correspondent the moment he steps aboard train or machine to visit the site of the last flood, up-country, say ten miles from home.

Back with the spoils of the trip, such a man must put the material in shape to read, to sell.

There are certain mechanics of the art,—tell-tales between professional and amateur,—that he must know.

These the chapters to follow will tell.

## CHAPTER V

### Secrets of the Home of the Sunday Supplement

SOMEHOW or other, the impression prevails in the world outside the cult, that newspapers are favored, indeed, by being offered contributions from the outsider,—the unbidden author, who mails his work to "The Editor," irrespective, with the privilege of purchase, should said editor desire it; otherwise, stamps are enclosed for the return.

As a matter of fact, substantially every newspaper operates on a basis of containing a given number of pages each normal issue.

Should advertising contracts or some exceptional happening require that more pages be "run," the extra pages, and sometimes an entire extra "section," or supplement, will be printed.

Advertising provides the bone and sinew of modern newspapers; it never would do to have an intending advertiser go away from the counting-room unable to place his "copy" because there was no more space to be had.

Competition is keen between the news-

papers of every given community; reporters on one paper today will be writing for another, at a higher salary, next month possibly, and it never would do to allow these men to carry such tale as that the reason the *Enquirer* carried just a colunm on the big Courthouse fire is because there was no more "space." Small, unimportant happenings are crowded out, or condensed, for this cause constantly, everywhere; but when a very big happening occurs, the newspaper should add pages,—in other words, provide itself with additional space. If it doesn't, and the competitor does, folk will begin deserting it for the rival,—and advertising naturally follows the crowd!

Such events are the exceptions, however.

Normally, to repeat, a newspaper publisher believes he is giving his subscribers very generous measure by allotting a stated number of pages to each week-day issue, and a stated number to each Sunday,—or Saturday night,—copy of his news-issue plus a supplement or magazine.

Upon these pages,—breathe it not in Gath, but every person ever serving a paper knows that this is Gospel,—the adverting has first mortgage, to the extent

of crowding out, or compacting, any and every bit of reading matter coming in its way.

Next after this, certain so-called "Big Outside News" must be given place,—news which reaches the office, as a rule, over the wires of the Associated Press, or some other press service, the paper may be subscriber to. It is the news from Washington, from New York, from Britain, Europe, and the world about. So comprehensive are the exchange services between the press organizations of this country and those of the other civilized nations; so comprehensive are the inter-affiliations of the minor press-gathering bureaux building up each of these national services, that the news of the world, big happenings and little, pour constantly and uninterruptedly to the newspaper's door. It isn't a case of finding something to print; it's a case of knowing what to omit, to leave room enough for the local news, and for the news from special correspondents, looking to specific things, at the paper's state capital, or other locally-important points.

It is no exaggeration whatsoever to say that any paper large enough to subscribe for a leased service, or a "press service" it is called more frequently, could fill its

entire pages,—even to the space now used for advertising—with just what these services supply.

Big happenings of the outside world must be accorded space in the paper.

Big happenings locally must be given space.

Out-of-town news, local news, advertising—it's a mighty rare newspaper indeed which cannot be filled to crowding by just these three founts of supply!

It's a mighty poor paper, still again, which does not maintain one editorial writer or two, to express the paper's views on things on what is known as the "editorial page." Usually these editorial writers are the highest-paid men on the staff; even managing editors are apt to receive their opinion as to the amount of space a given editorial should occupy well worth the considering, before ordering it compacted "down"—and so inroads on what space remains are made for position for what these editorial writers may write, day by day.

Large city papers—and, for the moment, these alone are to be considered—maintain staff artists and staff photographers. A newspaper should have at least one telling cartoon on some subject uppermost in the limelight each day. One

photograph of the results of last night's tornado in Westerville gives the subscribers of the paper a better notion of the devastation occuring than a column of print will do. These pictures—hand-made or camera-work—require space-allotments also.

Besides all these things, the products of the professionals, every newspaper is deluged by showers of material sent in, free of all cost, and for which the writers crave publication. Suburban welfare associations and improvement associations have their secretaries prepare long, interesting, worth while accounts of things being done or contemplated, and send these to the local papers—the version to each paper different from that to any of the rest, to avoid embarrassment for the publisher, should he print it—absolutely free of charge. Doting grandmothers mail in accounts of Billie's and Mary's christening; mothers of the *debutantes* send in profuse accounts of the most unimportant social affairs given in honor of their "buds." Dispute is or not, the world likes to find itself portrayed—favorably, of course—in print, and it takes every possible means it may know, or devise, to bring itself into newspaper pages, short of stepping into the count-

ing-room and deliberately asking to purchase so and so many lines, or inches, from the man in charge of that work on that lower floor!

Out of this plethora of material, then, there is born your daily paper.

It is a marvel that editors, and the managing editor above them, maintain as nearly a proper balance between things, giving each the space its importance warrants, as they do!

Now, advance a step:—

Much of this bombardment of material must be published the morning after its receipt by the morning papers, or never.

It would obviously never do for a given paper to wait until the second morning following to print the account of the boiler explosion in the huge Tunken Valve Plant.

Much of it, on the other hand, can be and is held over until the larger Sunday issues. Changing the word YESTERDAY in the original copy to RECENTLY, or DURING THE PAST WEEK, or THE OTHER DAY, gives many a minor and yet interesting story the timeliness demanded in order that it should see print at all.

Thanks to this, the Sunday paper is quite as crowded as are the week-day issues.

The Sunday editor—monarch of the Sunday supplement or magazine—is most welcome to anything short of most vital news dispatches which he will take from the news-hopper and out of the more distinctly news pages, and give place in his magazine.

It isn't an intrusion—it's a favor he's conferring on the editor of whatever department may be most concerned in the "lifting" of the given story from the accepted news section to some "Sunday page."

Every second year, in the mid springtime, Cincinnati is the seat of a great musical festival. Music-lovers travel often many hundred miles to participate in the feast of vocal and instrumental music which is held in the big Springer Music Hall at that time. Naturally, toward the end of April, or at least with the beginning of May, the month of the festival, the editor of the music page—or music and art page, it is usually—of each Cincinnati morning paper must crowd his columns with the last bit of news of the approaching festival. Important as the festival is, however, it is not the only thing interesting the south Ohio reading world. There are many readers, even, who don't care about

music. So the festival simply cannot be given all the space the music editor and the festival folk desire.

Let the Sunday editor suggest, therefore, that a "bully good story" for his pages could be "run next Sunday morning" on: FESTIVAL PLANS AS COMPLETED TO DATE—column on column, with pictures; snatches from the scores, reproductions of programs, so on, and the music editor is ready to fall at his knees in delight!

The Sunday editor may draw squarely, thus, from any fund of material except that DEMANDING next-day publication in the hands of any colleague employed by the given sheet.

In addition, the paper subscribes, for him, to one and perhaps several feature services. The newspaper pays a service so much a year for all that it cares to send; it is free to use everything, anything, sent in this way; what it doesn't use it often preserves, for immediate use, should the need come, in its "library," or files. From those files the Sunday editor is as free to draw, when he will, as he is from the newest material at hand.

That, then, provides the autocrat of the Sunday office with a fund of material.

Supplementing it, many newspapers encourage their reporters to "bring in stories" for the Sunday section, out of things heard and seen along their routes otherwise, by paying them, as they would an outsider, so much the column for these.

Should you, who are unknown to the Sunday editor, and I, a reporter on the paper, meeting him about the building daily, both take it into our heads to submit to him an atricle on: MAKING THE CANDLES AND GLASS BALLS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE, and the two articles were equally good, it is but human nature that he should buy mine, and yours be returned with apologies. Hence, the competition of the men directly on the staff of each paper is a thing to be taken into account!

Those, then, are the regular, the infallible sources of material, from which the Sunday editor draws for his page.

Should he wish an article written on any other theme, he can draft the most expert reporter, the staff artist, the staff photographer, to prepare this for him, as he wishes it put together, in time for whatever date of going to press he may set.

Besides these Open Sesames to ma-

terial, the Sunday editor finds himself in possession of an uninterrupted stream of unsolicited manuscripts. The high-school girl, whose composition received praise on being read, at "Friday afternoon convocation," the young attorney, who DID take on unusual motor trip over the Labor Day holidays, and who knows the advantage of having his name in print; the maiden lady of years, who amuses herself writing stories; the inventor, who describes his invention—writing under another name, of course, in the hope that some capitalist may read the story and offer to buy the basic idea; ten thousand other people prepare manuscripts and mail them to the Sunday editor of their nearest newspaper, or their favorite big paper, without so much as a by-your-leave.

Squarely into competition with all of this material comes the envelope with the work of the syndicate writer.

The sender wants to have that material accepted, printed and paid for, of course.

He knows there are many other writers, syndicate folk and others, represented in that mail, who wish the same.

He knows that his work must be the equal, or better, of many of these others, in order that the editor, if not already

his customer, and so *used to* his material and knowing what he may expect of it, will waive aside their work for his.

He knows he has only one very slight wedge, with that editor—one count in his favor against all the rest on the editor's side. If Mr. Sunday Editor of the *Blade* sends home the man's offering, the man will send it, next mail, to the *Courier*, of the same town. If the story is very good, and readers of both papers mention it generally, after reading it; or readers of the *Courier* tell of it to friends who read the *Blade* only, the printing of the story in the rival paper will be one count against the *Blade*.

Competition is the life of trade, in newspaperdom as elsewhere. If one morning newspaper carries better feature material than another, folk are going to discover the fact very quickly—for on Sunday many people buy several papers, where, during the week, they take one paper only—and when it comes to a selection, they will select that one. Choosing the paper, buying IT, subscribing to IT spells circulation, and according to circulation advertisers patronize.

So, admit it or not, Mr. Editor Friend, the writer folk know that they have just a wee bit of a wedge over your rejections in the end!

## CHAPTER VI.

### Preparing the Copies of the Article to Be Syndicated

EDITORS, it becomes evident, are anxious to secure the best material obtainable for their respective papers.

But, there is a very great deal of the BEST being offered those same editors in every mail.

In order that you or I should strike the busy editor more forcibly with our work, than any or all of those others do, it is essential that we resort to some very fundamental psychology:

Man, different from all other living things, will go out of his way for the neat, the pleasing, the attractive.

Man may be a worker—a fiend for this—but he rebels at unnecessary work —work he knows he can avoid.

As a result, an attractive, inviting, neatly addressed envelope in that budget, that super-bundle of mail, will catch his eye, stir some responsive chord somewhere in his soul, and cause him to reach for the container, open it, and read what has been sent inside, often a long time before the stated envelope would have been reached in its rote. The sooner this

man comes to your offering, the less fagged and weary his brain must be—the less is his surfeit at unsolicited material, the greater the chance of sale.

What is more, the sooner he reaches the manuscript you have sent, the less of the other material has been tentatively accepted from the lot, and so the more space in the paper still open to him, for which he will buy.

Most professional syndicate writers spend long hours on the matter of the envelope in which they send their wares. They know the value of novelty here as well, and so, each time a lot of the envelopes has been consumed, they change to other colors and styles in the edition to come.

The writer folk know the value of a luring envelope, one leading an editor, just starting on his morning mail, to take it up and open it, far out of its proper rote.

They know, better still, the supreme value of making, just as inviting as they know how, the manuscript they send inside the container.

The work of preparing this manuscript, so that it shall go forth in such shape begins with the other extreme end of the tale.

Manuscript, in order to be even glanced at, must be typewritten.

The letters employed must be PRINT, and not script, as some beginners fail to know.

If the beginner at the syndicate writer's craft has no typewriter as yet, it will pay him to invest in, or rent, one of the more standard makes. Editors know the product of such machines on sight; they know about how many words their type implies to a page; they know that, should a writer have tolled the words for them, and they cut paragraphs here and there from out of the mass, approximately what is left.

Continuing with Cincinnati, as being typical of the American communities, we find that at this writing, one of the large standard typewriter concerns will rent good, workable machines at five dollars a month, or twelve dollars for the quarter, (three months).

Naturally, the person who intends to make a livelihood of the work will prefer to invest in a machine of his own.

Many persons have found it very satisfactory, pending larger surplus of funds, to purchase an "old model" or second-hand machine, but of the typewriter concern whose name the machine bears *itself*. "Old models" are often simply

machines which failed to sell during the year when they were new; they are every bit as good as the new machines, except that they do not possess the very latest improvements to be found on those new machines—and most of which a syndicate writer, caring little for "columning" and such things, would never employ.

Second-hand machines are not necessarily old, battered, worn-out machines. It often happens that certain concerns find the latest model of a machine to possess exactly the one improvement they have long been seeking; sometimes one they, themselves, along with many other patrons, wrote the concern to bring about. They buy the new machine—but, there is a limit to their funds, too, and there is the old machine left on their hands, with no use for two typewriters at the place. So, as a business-builder, or to promote introducing the new, or, as a courtesy to a good customer, the typewriter people "take in" the old instrument, allow for it, and, ship-shape though it is, they sell it as a second-hand machine.

One big concern in Cincinnati, whose price for new machines ranges to $102.50 for the latest model—the No. X-A—will sell you a guaranteed model for seventy-five dollars, on very liberal terms.

The new machine—the TEN-A—they call it, costs $102.50 if paid for outright. Instead of doing this, though, most beginners prefer to have the purchase price increased by five dollars; pay twenty-five or thirty dollars down, and the rest at the rate of ten dollars a month.

With the typewriter, one receives his first ribbon. There are many colors from which to pick, but black ink is what editors are used to; any other color brands the man employing it as eccentric, and somehow causes an editor to rebel at the start—there are limits to what we prefer with our departures from the usual. Some few men use a red-and-black ribbon, employing the red ink section where they italicize. Even that, though, gives a slightly childlike appearance to a page. It antagonizes many editors. Besides, one doesn't use up the red edge of the ribbon nearly as fast as the black, and so, needing a new black band in time, the better part of that red half of the ribbon will be wasted.

Good, strong black typewriter ribbon sells at a dollar a spool today. Professionals invest in so-called coupon-books, paid for in advance and giving them six coupons for $4.60.

So much for the typewriter.

By and by a metal case for the same, with shelves for paper, carbon, things of the sort, may be discussed; but the beginner is apt to be content, at this time, to slip the machine, with the black rubberoid cover that comes with it, onto the office-closet shelf, for the time.

When using the instrument, in default of the typewriter-stand suggested, which has its two sides dropping to form shelves for paper to be copied from, an ordinary household sewing table—a lapboard, with legs folding up under it—will be found to answer all purposes required.

Tables of this sort—18x36 inches—may be had, ordered over the telephone and delivered to the door, in Cincinnati, at $3.50.

The machine at the center of this, the notes or other material to be worked from at one's left, the finished pages on the right, with some simple paper-weight from the nearest ten-cent store to hold these from flying in the breeze, the box of paper at far left or far right, as may be convenient, and work may progress merrily, indeed.

For the warm months, when windows are open and the breezes blow, a cheap slab of glass, cut at the nearest paint-

store to a size a trifle larger than the paper you are using—say nine by twelve inches, therefore—is exceedingly valuable when copying is to be done. Often, that is to say, all but one or two sentences suit an author, on completing a page of manuscripts; he stops therefore to copy over and re-work, from the newly-finished page. He wants it open before him, fully; he doesn't want the wind to turn up the edges; so he lays, flat on this copy, the simple plate of glass.

One can get a pane of this sort, a quarter of an inch thick, and nine by twelve inches otherwise, at the glass company, for as little as thirty-five cents. A plate, with fair care, lasts a lifetime.

Typewriter ready for use, notes or other material to be worked from beneath this glass at the left, the writer is ready to "feed" his paper and write.

Only, remember, he is syndicating. He is going to send out many copies. What number he will send depends upon him. Many of the higher-grade writers rest content with twelve copies. Not all of those twelve copies will sell each place where sent! They return, and are sent elsewhere and perhaps a third place. As a result, twelve copies may mean bringing the article to the attention of twenty-four, thirty, sometimes more clients.

Besides, each copy will need its set of pictures. Prints cost a man money. Twelve copies, each with at least five pictures, mean sixty prints in all. The cheapest one can get dependable prints, a credit to the man sending out syndicate work, is a nickel the picture. This means three dollars just for pictures. Some men believe *that* a sufficient investment for any one article they write, so far as pictures are concerned.

The man is syndicating; he wants each copy to reach his client neat, inviting, what is known as "clean."

Here we know we invite a contest royal with the typewriter people. Perhaps they are right and we are wrong. It has been our experience, however, that the best kind of work of this sort somes by making not to exceed four copies—one original and three carbons—at a sitting. Even with the best of carbon paper, each sheet brand new to start, the bottommost page is apt to have its letters spread and to look as stenographers are wont to say "messy" and "smeary."

It has been our experience, to go on with it, that the best dozen copies for syndicate work, are obtained by writing the first quartette ourselves; composing the article as we go, that is to say; finish-

ing it, and drawing from the typewriter the original and its three carbons.

These originals, or any one of them, we turn over, then, to the stenographer to copy; she, very obviously, omitting any errors of typewriting which she may discover.

Copying thus, she makes an original and three carbons.

From these more correct copies, she makes an original and three more carbons.

It isn't very long before we have twelve neat, inviting manuscripts, ready for the post.

Composing directly onto four sheets of paper somehow tends to make a man careful; he doesn't make the slips of the fingers he will when composing on an individual sheet. Perhaps this comes from an old race-inheritance—the need of fighting super-waste; the taking care of the basic supply, that the owner might survive.

Composing thus, with the material well in mind, and the notes to be used in good shape at the side, a professional thinks nothing of composing a page, end to end, in twelve to fifteen minutes.

Copying from that page, eight and a half inches by eleven, but double-spaced

and so with about thirty lines in all, or say three hundred words to the page, a trained stenographer will make the copy of such a page for the companion copies of the article in considerably less time. It is no trick at all to copy a page of the standard size in eight to, at very most, ten minutes, and where material is not complicated, and the eye reads while you write, in probably as little as seven.

Whether one makes just four copies at a sitting; whether one makes as many copies as the machine and the paper and the carbon paper used will give impressions of at a writing, rests with the individual, of course. We have discussed the subject with experts, and using a paper of good, fair body—the sort editors seem to like—we find, to repeat, that four, then four more, articles—and still more quartettes should we desire—produce the best results.

The matter of paper to be used is vitally important, viewed over the business of a year.

The thicker the paper, the harder for the typewriter keys to force impressions through it. The harder the task for them, the less perfect the eventual carbon copies. So you get as thin a paper, for the moment, as you dare.

The articles sent out are, unfortunately, not always sold to the first person shown them. Many reasons aside from excellence are responsible for this. It may occur that an editor has already printed something on the identical subject—great minds think alike, you know. It may be he dislikes the subject; or that he takes a wholly different view of it from yours. He returns the article, but he isn't over-careful with it. If it doesn't return to its first creases as it should, if it buckles and bends, he sends it back that way. Then you must have it re-copied before you dare send it elsewhere, meaning typist expense and delay.

So you want a paper as thick as you can get it to permit of ready handling; as thin as possible, with the other end in view, to "take" carbon, and kill weight. Weight means postage, and postage must be enclosed for return, as well as sending out.

We have long found a bond paper known to the paper houses as NUMBER 0—woven for from six to eight copies, most satisfactory. We buy it in an eight and a half by eleven-inch size; it costs us $1.65 for a box of five-hundred sheets.

White paper, and white paper alone, is recommended.

Glossy paper is taboo; it smears be-

neath typing and the revising editor's ink. The paper, as stated, is cut to letterhead size—eight and a half by eleven inches.

This permits of folding in three. That gives a convenient budget for the legal envelope. It produces a neat manuscript for the man at the other end of the journey to handle. With the proper margin at the top and bottom and at either side —say half an inch on all but the left side, of these; and perhaps an inch, for any insertions in the companion line there, a page this size will hold about three hundred words, as has already been said.

Folded in three, each section contains a hundred words, of course. Half a section implies, roughly, fifty words.

It becomes very easy, thus, to estimate the number of words in a script, when this is desired, without ever stopping to count.

Carbon paper is another interesting subject for consideration.

We know of reputable concerns who state that one can get sixty copies from one sheet of their superior carbon. One *can*—on an onion-skin paper—or "flimsy" the telegraph editors call it—and if one doesn't care if O's and R's and B's and P's have their ovals filled, or how things look generally. There is a good carbon

paper put out by one concern, which sells at two dollars for a box of a hundred sheets. You can get six, and sometimes seven, pages from a sheet. We dislike trying more. Carbon paper is cheaper than "doing" a page, only to find one must do it over, because the carbon was smeary and messy.

Wherefore, paper, carbon; paper, carbon; so on, in the machine—the notes convenient beneath the glass; the box of paper to be used as one goes on convenient to the reach, at hand; a long hatpin—a nickel it costs anywhere—convenient for picking any clogging material from the letters, should such chance to show itself as you go, and you should be ready to write.

Just one little suggestion before leaving this subject of the mechanics of the typewritten syndicate article:

Where possible, concentrate your purchases of supplies with one concern. Buy your typewriter, your typewriter oil, shortly; your ribbons, your paper, your carbons, from one house.

Doing so, when you have trouble from any one item of the many, there can be no shifting the blame. The typewriter house can't tell you that the paper is poor—hence poor impressions; the "paper house" that your instrument is of no account. So with the other items involved.

## CHAPTER VII

### Additional Mechanics of the Syndicate Article and Other Methods of Duplicating

OTHER matters concerning the actual mechanics of one's manuscript warrant the beginner's close attention.

Naturally, the author's name and postal address must be placed in the upper right-hand corner of the manuscript. You can type this, but by and by you will get a seal, similar to a notary's punch seal, whereby, with a simple press of the hand, you can emboss this at that point of the page. Thus there can be no confusing it with the actual reading matter, and embossing adds a certain richness to your page.

A seal of this sort, of nickeled metal and lasting for life, can be had in almost any big city, within twenty-four hours of the time of leaving the inscription wished for it, for not to exceed five dollars at most.

Beyond this point, the story of the mechanics of the manuscripts for syndicating resolves itself to an aggregation of suggestions as to details.

Thus, for one—and we come to this point again, later on—an author, while preparing his manuscript, should recall that it is infinitely easier to sell a six-page article than a seven-page one;—that editors rebel at long, "heavy" articles before they as much as read the titles to these. Five-page articles—fifteen hundred words, or a trifle less, as a result of space given on the first page to the title, sub-head and name of the author, and, on the last page, through bringing the article to its conclusion some distance, often, from the base of that page, seems to be THE preferred size.

When these articles have been finished, they must be re-read, for typographical errors particularly, of course.

Where too many slips occur in a page; where—with some of us—three corrections stand out visibly—prominently—on any one page, that page must be copied and the new form inserted, before the article may go out.

Duly ship-shape along these lines, the article is folded in three, as described—the "third" with the title—the "top third," men call it—on the outside, the bottom third folded over and facing it upon the middle third. With such folding, the editor, drawing the manuscript from its

envelope, is greeted with its title and sub-title, pleasingly grouped at page top-center at once.

"First appearances" count very much indeed in winning an editor to even consider a manuscript.

Book-keeping on the manuscripts issued necessitates, next, that the manuscript be given its file name—a condensation of the title used on the opening page.

PUTTIN' UP TURKEY-WATTLES AND ROOSTER-COMBS—

the story of the unique industry thriving in certain sections where many turkeys are killed for the Thanksgiving board, will resolve itself to TURKEY-WATTLE INDUSTRY, when marked on the rear of each manuscript on this theme, and at the top of the proper filing-cards kept at home.

Keeping the records of the manuscripts, as they're isued—in fact the very matter of issuing them, their pictures and return postage and return envelopes along—are matters of such very vital importance as to warrant pages to themselves in good tufn, and so can be but lightly touched upon here.

It should, in fact, suffice for the moment to state that the set of twelve, or

whatever other number of copies the author may have had made in this way, is now ready to have the illustrations, postage for return, and return envelopes added, and the budget be considered ready to mail.

That then completes, for the time being, the story of syndicating typescripts, as such.

Some men deviate from this procedure by writing but one copy of the article at the outset, and then mimeographing as many copies of this as they may desire to place in the mails.

Where they do this form of syndicating, it isn't very long before they prefer investing in their own mimeographing machine, or equivalent device, to having the work done by so-called addressing concerns, who also deviate from their more familiar lines to provide such service, where desired.

A good duplicating device, of the simpler sort—fitted with a rubber band, coated with a composition arranged to draw the ink from the original typescript—sells in Cincinnati, just now at twenty-five dollars. Additional sheets of the rubber, where these are desired, come at five dollars.

With these devices, the author or his *aide* take, say page one, of the original

manuscript, as written on the ordinary typewriter, just as before, and place it, face down, on the coated band. The preparation draws the ink off the letters and into itself.

In two minutes one is ready to withdraw that mother-sheet and make the copies. You lay your sheet of blank paper onto the inked area, press it down for two seconds, raise it, and the copy is yours!

Seventy-five copies can be made of an impression, according to experts with the machine.

Wash off the band, and in a few minutes you may repeat work with page two; so on, to the end of the manuscript.

Only, a mimeographed copy is a mimeographed copy, just as a printed imitation of typewriting is PRINT, and is recognized as such every time.

Editors who should know have often told us that the effect on opening an envelope and meeting such a manuscript is very much the same produced by meeting a ware with which the market is being flooded, and which is being produced in the largest practicable quantities, at a minimum price.

Personally, we taboo the mimeographed manuscript!

Saving time—when copies come quickly and clearly, which we've never found them to *always* do in any instrument we have tested—is about all that can be said in its defense.

If we should resort to it at all, which is very doubtful—the remote possibility being the need of filling the mails with many copies of an article in less time than having these reduced to printer's proofs would require—we would very much prefer to have the professional multi-letter folk do the work involved, to attempting it in the study ourselves.

In every big city, the country over, there are concerns who will make copies of type-written material for whosoever will pay their rates, and this within twenty-four to forty-eight hours of the time of receipt of the copy, according to the work which may be ahead.

For a five-page article of the sort indicated—you then supplying the stationery—one Cincinnati concern charges $12.50 for a hundred copies, delivered at your door.

We hold no brief for concerns of the sort, but it is our experience, and that of many editors who confess to turning down "mimeo," copy on sight, that the work of such professionals stands many

hundred times the chance of *perusal,* at least, over copies drawn in the office or, more often, the author's home.

Where we must syndicate very broadcast, where we wish to put out many scores, sometimes hundreds of copies of one and the same article in record time, we—and all other men engaged in this kind of work—resort to printer's proofs.

Printer's proofs, it will be recalled, are the long strips of cheap white paper on which printed matter, set in type, is "proofed," or tested out, for such errors as may have escaped the linotyper's or the printer's eye before.

To lay eyes a strip of printer's proof is just a sheet of rough white paper, on which a part of a column, or, at the most, a column, of such newly-set material has been allowed to make its imprint. The printing of the proof is rarely done in the press. Instead, an ink-roller is run across a pad of printer's ink, to wet it well; then the roller is run down the face of the type, and then a strip of the "proof paper"—often moistened a little, to insure good impressions—is placed on this and then smoothed over the letter-tips, either with a hand-malet, or, quite as often, with another printer's roller.

Making a proof takes longer to tell

of than to perform, once the type has been prepared.

You run the roller across the ink-pad and down the face of the type; you lay the dampened paper on this; you pass the roller over once more, and the finished proof is ready to lift, or be "pulled."

Errors stand out, in these proofs, as they do not in the type. Corrections are made as they are discovered there. Then the corrected galley goes into the form, in the press, and, by and by, the printed work that is to be the finished product of the stated print-room emerges, ready for the reading world.

With the syndicate writer, needing at most a hundred, sometimes two hundred copies of his manuscript—for there are geographical bounds which limit the syndicate article field, as will be shown—things do not go quite so far.

The writer arranges with the nearest printer to deliver to him the required number of proofs. The printer "sets up" the material, makes the first proof, sends it to the author for correction, or, to save time, corrects it himself — with cheaper work.

Then, according to these corrections, changes in the type are made.

That work done, a boy about the shop is set to "pulling" proofs. He lays a sheet of the paper on the type, having first run the ink-roller across it. He smoothes over and presses down the sheet with a big wooden mallet or roller. Then he withdraws the paper, lays it aside, and repeats the process, on and on, until holding whatever number of proofs may be desired.

Proofs are mailed the client, be he anywhere in the United States, at a rate of two ounces for a cent. Five cents, at most ten, will carry almost the largest lot of proofs any one article will require.

The cost to the author for this work varies with printers, of course. In Cincinnati, one leading concern will furnish an author with one hundred printer's proofs of his script, within three days of receiving the work for $2.50. Additional proofs represent almost only the time of the boy pulling these—the paper used is so cheap as to mean next to nothing at all—and so every additional hundred proofs come to about $0.75, mailed to any address in the country.

Where a beginner cannot afford having printer's proofs made—where he hardly cares to risk an expenditure of the sort at just this time, another method of ob-

taining printer's proofs of one's articles is frequently employed.

This is to arrange with some newspaper which has used enough of the man's special work to be willing to bind itself in this way, to "give proofs, free of charge," it is called.

The man then prepares his article on the typewriter, as in every other case. He probably makes the carbons for extra-good customers, too.

He then takes one copy of the article to the editor agreeing to the arrangement, placing, however, a "release date"—or date of publication—at its head. This date is usually set two weeks after of the time of printing, so that copies of the proofs will reach the most distant client in abundant time to receive space in the issue of the date assigned.

The editor sends the article to his press-room.

It is "set up in type"—the work is called—exactly as though to be used next day. Only instead of going into the form for the big presses just then, it is taken to one side, and proofs are "pulled," as with the material in the job print-shop before described.

A time is set, a day or so after the time material has been left with the editor,

when the author may call for the proofs. Usually he leaves a small *honorarium* for the boy who pulls the proofs—outside the regular line of his work; ever so often, if he is wise, he will leave a substantial gift for the editor—or some trinket for *his* "kiddies" at home—besides.

The proofs are folded three times over, when they, too, fit a manuscript—or legal—envelope, and are ready for the mails.

On the given release date—never before, for all papers respect these "releases" now—newspapers wishing to use the article are likely to publish it in their columns. Heedless of the fact that it appeared elsewhere before, other papers may publish it even many weeks after.

The home newspaper, the one printing the proofs in exchange for the article, given it without cost whatever, publishes on that release date as well.

Where an author can arrange with some newspaper to "pull proofs" for him, on this basis, the contract possesses a great many advantages for him, of course.

For little more than the price of the paper and the carbon used to make the copy sent the editor of the publication, he is saved the equivalent printer's bill.

On the other hand, most newspapers willing to make such an arrangement will not give the time of their printer's boys to pull more than twenty-five or, at most, fifty proofs.

Again, should a boy be lax at pulling proofs here, or should other things crowd the paper and proofs be not printed anywhere nearly on time, there is very little which the author can, or perhaps dare, say, unless he should wish to conclude the arrangement for all time to come.

Thanks to this, contracting with a printer at the point most convenient, on the basis of say a column and a half article at least weekly, for at least a quarter, or a six-month, is generally conceded by those who would issue even twenty-five proofs at one mailing—to say nothing of fifty, a hundred, two hundred —to be the safest and all-round most satisfactory way out!

## CHAPTER VIII

### The Importance of the Title

THE subject duly selected, all matters of equipment ship-shape about him, all supplies within reach of his hand, there remains nothing for the syndicating writer to do next but write the syndicate feature.

COMPOSE might perhaps have been a better word than WRITE to use in this place.

Many authors do not write their features themselves, but dictate them—some to stenographers, others to the dictaphone. In either case a stenographer then transcribes the oral material, whipping it into as good a shape as she knows how, and placing the result before the author, for correction and then final copying.

To some of us the dictation method is far less satisfactory than writing one's work directly upon the typewriter.

The human race had learned to write—to make impressions with objects which are the equivalents of writer's tools—away back in the days when the cuneiform folk put their marks into stones,

and the cave men of prehistoric France daubed colored hieroglyphics on the walls of their caverns. Man has been writing for ages—he wrote fully; or in a pictograph which was the same as the spelling out of a word, or a sentence, to the artist employed—and so Man has come to acquire a certain ease in writing, in putting down his thoughts quietly as he goes—the very shaping of the letters giving him a space of time in which to think just what will be put down next—which is not granted with the spoken word!

Innumerable persons, composing constantly—accustomed also to impromptu speaking "on their feet"—will tell you that when it comes to placing their message in permanent shape, they prefer to write it out themselves, correct it here and correct it there, just as the sentence-building goes.

The human brain-process follows a single course very largely, as it goes, and this process does not enjoy interruptions. The composing author's subconscious mind, his very soul, rebels at interrupting phrases, sentences, pages of script with such interjections to the stenographer as: Comma; Colon; Paragraph; Skip a line.

Stenographers who have sufficient

knowledge of structural English to insert these punctuation marks properly, to break the paragraphs when they should, to do the other things which perfect manuscripts require, seldom remain just stenographers very long. Training them up in the way they should go, with your work, means simply training a competitor in the composing field.

Again, the writing of one's material, oneself, as the thought flows to form, means seeing the material very nearly as it will eventually look in the finished article.

You see your sentences as the world will see them in cold type. You see the paragraphs just about as they will be on the finished page, and this means that you see whether you are making a paragraph altogether longer than it rightfully should be—making it *heavy* and unappealing to the eye—or whether you are breaking your work into too many "choppy, overly soft paragraphs.

Without venturing further into PROS and CONS of the matter, therefore, many men insist on composing their material squarely on the typewriter—some, a very few, in long-hand—as they go.

But this composition which follows?

Naturally, it starts with the heading!

Viewed from the purely financial standpoint—the selling end—which is THE important end with the man who must live by the work, not only in order that the stated article shall yield quick returns, but that it shall serve to cause other editors to feel a desire to invest in similar work from his pen, when he presents it to these elsewhere—the proper heading of the article is almost the determining factor in its entire composition.

Men will often re-write headings a dozen, twenty times, before finding exactly the form that suits them.

Such a heading found, and peace of mind given to the author, to continue with the remainder of his task without the problem of a heading stealing in on his major thoughts again and again, as the article grows, he finds other, better, more attractive headings suggesting themselves to him.

Rare indeed is the man who, having finished the stated feature, does not copy his first page all anew—this time with a new and infinitely more attractive heading!

The heading is the show-window of the shop behind it;—the sample copy of the stock of wares beyond.

Just what does it do, toward selling the manuscript in question?

What do headings do for you, as you scan the Sunday supplements? How many times haven't you permitted yourself just five or six or perhaps ten minutes on a busy day, to "glance over the head-lines" of the morning paper, only to find some caption irresistible, and then catch yourself going on, reading that article to the end?

What do you, I, ten thousand other folk do, when browsing over a newsstand, about to buy a magazine or two for idle, purposeless reading? We thumb the pages, or more likely still, we turn to the table of contents at the front, and—read the list of articles! According as there may be enough headings luring us to go on and read their several tales, we buy or decline the magazine.

Those an author wishes to read what he is writing for the Sunday magazines, or the Saturday supplements, are going to do the same thing.

The editors to whom you wish to sell your work know this.

More important to you, who must live by what these editors may select, the editors pursue the same policy themselves!

Mail pours into the office of the Sunday editor of even the smaller newspaper not by budgets, but by basketsful.

Usually an office-boy saves the editor the time of opening the envelopes, by sitting near and cutting open the ends of the containers, placing the contents on a table close by in well-defined piles—matter contracted for; matter from the big concerns paid so much a year to send what they will, for selection; matter from new and untried sources; advertisements and things which even such a boy soon learns to consider impossible and which are classed in office parlance as "junk."

This office-boy—he is an important factor in an author's reckonings—is human! He is the typical wide-awake American boy; with wits extra sharp as a result of constant contact with folk who must keep their wits alive—the news-gatherers.

He represents the reader of the newspaper supplement beyond. What interests him—grips him—will grip a very great many of those readers.

The "kid," editors call him, opens the envelopes; looks at the contents. Boy-like, he reads the headings—the "head," he says.

Here, for one, is a long treatise on recent experiments in tar-compounds, which a young chemist of the city should like to find in print. The "kid" knows in a moment that this is "over the heads" of the paper's readers. "Scientific stuff," he calls it and "chucks" it to one side.

Here is a very attractive story of a most delightful motor trip to an equally delightful summering-place among the hills, where chicken dinners are always ready. The boy is trained to read between the lines—he detects the attempt of the owners of the inn to get advertising without paying for it—"press agent stuff" he calls it—and he places it on another stack, building high at his side.

Naturally, the Sunday editor dare not rely wholly on the boy's judgment; but, rest assured that he *does* know that what the boy places on the one stack warrants his immediate attention—it's the briskest, the best, the first thing for the fresh, receptive, willing mind to consider. The other stacks take their turns as that mind begins to fag and then to rebel.

Come now in his path a feature whose first line of heading grips the boy:

TRAILING MOTOR-CAR THIEVES THROUGH THE SNOWS

or

SUPPOSE YOU WENT BROKE THESE ZERO NIGHTS

or

CAN YOU FEEL DIFFERENCES IN COLD, ONCE IT'S VERY COLD?

or some other unusual, timely, interesting subject:—

The child is father to the man; the boy to the adult reader. Rules and admonitions notwithstanding, Howard Fabing sits still, then and there, to read that feature to the end.

More than that, rules against interrupting his superiors at their tasks to the contrary also notwithstanding, Fabing is apt to turn on the editor himself with such a remark as:

> "Gee, Mr. Roosa, it ain't no wonder them auto-car thieves can't make no get-away!"

or the question:

> "Did you ever go down to the 'flop-house?' Here's a bully good story about it!"

or some test question as to how cold she thought it was outside—a question based

on the third story in point—to the Society Editor, good friend of the Sunday editor, at the desk across the hall.

Just because the articles interest him, and because all of us enjoy passing interesting matters on, Fabing puts those manuscripts where they will come to the editor's hand before any of the rest.

Even where he doesn't do this—even where editors bother to open article—envelopes themselves; even where they open, read, decide, and keep or return, one at a time as they go, what occurs?

What happens at the heart of house-cleaning time, when wife dumps all the books from their shelves to the floor, to dust them, wash those shelves, return the books to their sites? She is busy, very busy; she knows it. From book to book fingers and dust-rags fly. By and by she comes to this volume or that one. She just *must* peep inside. She just must read, for the hundredth time, the proposal of John Bleeker to Mary Marquette. She simply cannot resist reading anew the rescue of Annebel Reed from the saw-mill fire!

Very much the same thing occurs with the busy editor—glancing over manuscript, making temporary decisions.

Place an irresistibly tempting title in

his way; supplement this with a sub-title, to lure him and the eventual readers still more, and the game is as good as won!

Hence, too much attention cannot be given to the choice of title.

It must lure to read the article; it should touch on something that is timely, causing folk to want to read on, just then; it should indicate a theme that is local, and therefore personal to the reader; it should lead to reading the sub-title at least.

Some men do not believe in sub-titles.

They claim that the major—or *only* title it is, then—should cause a reader to read the article beyond, or leave it be.

Perhaps they're right.

Some of us believe, though, that many a lure can be strengthened.

A title like:

WINDOWS IN THE WINTER

might fail to lure a very large percentage of the readers of any one paper printing the story.

WINDOWS IN WINTER

might be a dry treatise on how to trim sills and drape curtains. What do male readers care about this? It might be a

popularized medical treatise on keeping out draughts and so avoiding colds. What do folk who "never take cold" care about that?

Suppose though there followed the sub-title:

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT SOMETIMES THEY OFFER SOME VERY AMUSING SILHOUETTES TO THE PASSERS OUTSIDE?

Just what occurs in your mind, upon reading this?

Remember, the other evening, when you were dressing for the Beresford party, and John stood at least fifteen minutes before the mirror, squarely between the electroleer on his shaving-stand and the drawn white shades there, trying to bring the last unwilted collar to slip over a button refusing to allow it to slip? What a picture he must have made—all in silhouette, obviously—to any random passer outside!

Then your own self:—

Bobbie IS so provoking, sometimes! Just last night you had to scold him roundly, while you sat in the easy-chair in the parlor, watching him at play on the hearth before you. You raised your

long finger and shook it at him; silhouettes increase the length of fairly long fingers. You wonder if anyone happened to notice from the outside.

Another case:

WINTER BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW!

You're not interested. Some pseudo-poet—writing in prose, for the moment, on the age-old charm and beauty of the music of the bells, wafted, early of winter mornings, or late of winter evenings, after mid-week prayer-meeting that is—out across the snow.

There was a time when folk read such things. Happily, that day is gone!

Personally, we should hesitate to mail a one-headline article on the subject to any large newspaper in the country. We fear it would come home, all but its title left unread.

Add, though, the sub-title:

COMPLICATED AND INTERESTING MACHINERY PERMITS THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON TO SEND THEIR RARE MUSIC ACROSS MILES OF COUNTRYSIDES.

Machinery employed for bell-ringing? Yes, probably there has to be! Bells have grown considerably larger than they

were when you and I pulled the ropes after Sunday-school in the old church at home. But—COMPLICATED AND INTERESTING—. That must be in order that the bells follow the stroke of the hour on the church-clock. Let's read on and see!

The sub-title may be of just one line length.

Appearances, however, are improved if there be a line and a fraction; this fraction occupying the space below the center of the opening line itself.

One doesn't want the second line a full line. If the length of the title demands it, bring in a third line, shorter than any of the two above.

Thus:

SPRINGTIME AND OUR YOUNG
MEN'S FANCIES

OLD 'H. C. L.' SENDS THE LOVERS
TO THE COUNTRY BYWAYS
AS IN OTHER DAYS, BUT
THEY PULL THE PRE-
CIOUS ROOTS OF WILD
DRUG-PLANTS AS
THEY GO

lures most readers.

Again:

SPRING BRINGS THE GYPSIES.
BUT WITH THEIR TENTS FOLDED AWAY LIKE THE ARABS' AND THEIR HOMES SET ABOARD THE LAST WORD IN HIGH-POWERED, SPEEDY AUTOMOBILES.

Beneath the title, the author's name follows, squarely at the center of the line:

HARRY COATES.

Where an article is one on a technical, highly scientific subject, popularized to fit the audience, it does no harm to have the author add the letters of his college degrees, if these are higher than B. A., B. S., or the equivalent. "Bachelor's" degrees are too common, in these days, to carry any weight in a reader's mind.

Except with articles of that sort, degrees, however high, are best left omitted here. The great majority of newspaper supplement readers have not taken post-graduate, or even college training. Perhaps a wee tinge of envy is responsible for an otherwise inexplicable sense of

antagonism aroused by the printing of the letters of a degree at such a place as this!

As a result, the simple printing of one's name in mid-line just above the actual printing of the tale forms, all in all, the most satisfactory closing of the "head."

## CHAPTER IX

### The Writing of the Syndicated Article

BENEATH the "name line," under the title of the feature, good form prescribes that one leave a space of perhaps half to three-quarters of an inch unfilled.

The broader the space left vacant, throughout a manuscript, it may be suggested at this point, the more generally inviting, more appealing, more saleable the script. Plenty of room at the top of the first page, above the heading. Plenty of space between the lines of the heading, the name line, the actual opening of the article; broad margins at the sides of the page and at the bottom.

But—the broader those margins, the more open space at page-bottom and at page-top on succeeding pages—the less actual reading matter on a page. The less reading matter per page, the more pages required to tell your story upon. The more pages, the longer the manuscript appears—FEELS—to the editor receiving it, and with the less alacrity, the more prejudice against it before even reading its title, does he approach what

was intended as a welcome caller at his desk.

It's a dozen times easier to sell three articles, each of say five pages of typing, letter-head size—roughly 1,500 words, that is to say—than one of six, let alone seven, or eight pages. Beyond eight pages, except for most exceptional cases, a manuscript cannot expect attention at all.

Recapitulating, one must try to keep his material within five, or at most six, pages of typing.

Within these six pages, one must try to press just as many words as can "get by," as professional writers would say.

Most newspapers pay, not according to material, or difficulty in obtaining it, but on a flat "space basis"—the amount of the space the article paid for occupies in their columns—its length, when in actual print.

The longer this article, as it appears in the publication, the more the writer will receive for it.

Consequently, the more material a writer can pack, neatly, invitingly, on five, or say six, pages of the typewriter paper suggested—eleven inches top to bottom, by eight and one-half across—the better for him in the end.

Matter MUST be double-spaced; that is, the full space of a line left vacant between each two lines of printing. So the typewriter's spacing must be fixed to this, and every turn of the handle to shift to the next line tolls off that much space on the paper as it rolls.

Then there MUST be margins on either side of the page; not simply for appearance's sake, but in order that an editor may insert any material he may wish on any line of the manuscript. Where one grows fairly familiar with writing for profit, and KNOWS that not much editing awaits his copy—where one employs his own editor to edit thoroughly before dispatching final copies to his clients especially—a margin of half an inch at the left side of the page should suffice.

Otherwise a margin of an inch is recommended.

On the right, the warning bell of the typewriter may be set to ring at five spaces before the block closing the passage there. This block in its turn should be set so that a margin of a half inch is enforced on that side of the line. With this arrangement, words may be concluded with due regard for hyphening, and yet a neat and ample margin be preserved.

Paragraphs may be begun two inches from the left edge of the page, machines having a second stop—the touching of which brings the carriage to whatever point may have been set for this—being set to allow all paragraphs to start at that mark.

In composing the feature, in placing the story before the reading world, the author departs, almost at once, at this point in the procedure, from accepted literary traditions.

In substantially every other field of descriptive or narrative writing, an introduction, then presentation, then development, climax and sometimes anti-climax, or else a summary, will be employed.

The skillful feature-writer drops all these forms and 'tells his story" in the first paragraph.

He makes the first paragraph consist of only one sentence, or, at the very most, two.

He is using that paragraph as a bait.

Bring the reader to go through with it —bring him to swallow the most toothsome titbit of the feast—and, enjoying the sample, rest assured he will go on to the end!

Again and again a trained feature-writer, one who, it might reasonably be

supposed, could seat himself at his typewriter and "grind out" opening paragraphs almost as a clerk grinds the coffee at the rear of the corner grocery, will write and re-write, and frame all over again, those opening paragraphs.

He is seeking to lure, to lead into reading with real, quickened interest, not so much the reader of the printed page which may come—though he knows very well that among those prospective readers there may be any number of possible clients—but the man who may buy, or may refuse, this especial offering.

So he starts, well, let us see:

We've considered, in their turn, autumn, winter, early spring-time material.

Summer-time subjects may be appropriate at this point.

Over those sections of the United States and of Canada in which the syndicate writer expects to have his matter published, thermometers hover at ninety-five and above.

Good!

The world enjoys reading of contrasts.

From HEAT to COLD seems the farthest possible cry.

What's the coldest place in the reach

of the syndicate writer, without too large a travel expense?

Ice factories?

Possibly—but the story of: ICE FOR THE SUMMER TABLE has long since been done to death.

He studies a moment.

Ice—cold storage.

Cold storage.—What's in cold storage?

Fruit, vegetables, things of that sort, of course.

Keeping his eyes open always for future material, the man remembers having seen the advertisement of a furrier or a dry cleaner, urging that folk permit him to keep their winter garments—furs especially—in cold storage, over the warmer months. If furs are kept in giant cool-rooms, other things may be kept there—things comparatively few of us know about.

He gets in touch with the nearest cold storage house and tells what he has in prospect—an article which may bring innumerable orders to that house, other houses of the same sort, telling the world, not in advertising pages, but reading pages, how they should patronize the good storage-man.

Before very long he has arranged to tour a storage house in mid-winter.

17365

Before very long, he proceeds to write:

One of these days, when it's a hundred degrees, more or less, make your way to the next-nearest cold-storage establishment, get yourself into the good graces of the powers that be there, and revel in such things as priceless furs, the finest of Oriental rugs, the daintiest and most unseasonable of food-products, the thousand and one things you haven't thought of since the dead of last winter!

That is one story for the summer—the opening paragraph to one story, rather.

Here is another:

Some of us were wondering the other day just how Nature keeps cool these sultry dog days. How do the horses, the cows, the dogs and the cats, the sparrows, the pigeons fight the heat? We thought we knew; no doubt you think you know. Someone made a wager that not a one of us knew exactly, could tell exactly. Whereupon we sallied forth to find out.

And another:

Did you ever try to fancy yourself possessed of absolutely no end of money and able to do just what you wished, as you wished? We did, the other morning! We wished we could start on a cross-country motor trip, in the finest car to be purchased, fitted with absolutely every desirable appurtenance that absolute disregard of prices could buy. We went bravely among the dealers, and we found, well you shall see:

Perhaps we are wrong, but we're so bold as to believe that articles begun in this way will lead the editorial customer to read on and then buy.

The opening paragraph finished, the rest is comparatively easy.

One writes the simple, straight-forward tale of what he has learned, what he has discovered, very much as he would tell it to a group of his friends.

The day of "fine writing" has vanished.

One writes the feature, as he writes the news story, so that he who runs may read.

In Cincinnati a certain jeweler has netted a fortune importing tiger's claws from India, having these polished and worked up into certain high Masonic emblems.

A feature on:

SOUVENIRS OF THE TIGER-HUNT FOR YOUR FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY GIFT

would not open, as features did in the days when newspaper magazines were the rare exceptions among Anglo-Saxon publications:

Black as the blackest coal ever dug from the tall, lovely Alleghanies in Pennsylvania; shim-

mering in the sunlight chancing to play down upon them, even as an infinitely warmer tropic sun beat on them in the distant homeland; curved as the cruel scimiter of the son of Islam and sharp of point as the finest blade out of Damascus—

so on and on, into an apology that, unfortunately, at last, one must descend to so prosaic a theme as telling how, sent to the United States, these tiger-claws were treated.

Instead, immediately after the opening paragraph, we might find the professional stating:

The process of preparing these jet-black sharp-pointed scimiter-shaped claws for use in charms and other Masonic insignia, while most unusual, is both simple and interesting.

Most writers, continuing the article from that point on, employ the logical narrative method.

They begin with the tiger. How did he lose his claws? Tigers have become a menace to human life, to cattle, in many parts of India. They are killed in goodly numbers in some localities. The pelts are bought by traders, and these know there is a separate market for claws. Traders sell to other traders, who pass their spoils on to still other traders; by and by export-houses in the Indian cities receive the final accumulation, and export

it to concerns like our friend's, price regulated by demand.

The price at the moment is—? Any import duty?

The parcel of claws, the packet rather, reaches this country looking very much like. . . . .

What happens first here?

The claws are sorted—how? According to what? Why? Which are the best? The poorest grades? Comparison of prices between the two.

This, though, is no dissertation on preparing tiger-claws for charms and insignia.

Suffice it, the writer continues describing the work, on to the end.

Only, ever and always, he stresses the odd, the interesting, the unusual. He knows that, although willing and glad to be instructed while he's reading, his reader is really reading to be entertained.

If you and I want real information on making certain forms of jewelry, we go to the libraries, and look up books on the subject. We don't depend on Chance bringing us the information in our Sunday magazine. We read there because—well, because we've some time to spare and we like to read, like to know interesting facts about things, and, let's repeat

it again for emphasis, we want to be entertained!

Tens of thousands of people buy Sunday papers, in addition to the papers of which they receive the Sunday issues, in rote with their week-day issues, because they wish these for pastime. PASS TIME the term was originally. Consider what that means.

Through one page, two pages, three pages, four pages, five pages, the story makes its way.

Naturally, as far as possible, the author gives each portion of the tale to be set forth its due proportion of space.

There is no use repeating, in such a place as this, what all of us learned when we began writing compositions in the First Reader.

If we were to write a paper on: A TRIP DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI, detailing the ride from Lake Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico, and were limited to five pages of composition paper, we should not proceed to a four-page description of the lake, the outlet which forms the starting-point of the Father of Waters, the first mile on that stream—and then give just one page to all the rest of the route to be travelled and to making the landing at New Orleans.

Every school-boy and school-girl knows this.

Assume that an International Waterways Conference threw the Mississippi into the limelight, however.

The feature-writer who wished to syndicate something pertinent to the meeting being held, wouldn't attempt to consider the trip down the river in one article, or even half a dozen articles.

He might prepare an article on:

BIG FACTS ABOUT A VERY BIG RIVER

and tell, at random, of some of the stupendous things to be related of this stream.

But if he felt that he could tell five pages of entertaining things about the Lake Itasca country, he would limit his article to that section, and, under the caption of:

THE PART OF THE MISSISSIPPI MIGHTY FEW FOLKS HAVE SEEN,

tell a story, salable in every big city on the Mississippi, about the rising-place of the river.

Although *writing the feature*—from the opening paragraph on to the conclu-

sion—some binding, or perhaps slightly facetious ending to the story—comprises the major part of the work of producing syndicate articles, there is little else to be said of it to any intelligent reader.

You write your story almost as you would tell your story to a group of interested, intelligent, worth-while friends.

You stress the unusual, curious, interesting things.

You mention the rest only to the extent that they may be necessary to produce a connected, satisfying tale.

You limit yourself to five pages of typing preferably; six if you have to write so many to tell all that should be; seven at the very most.

You finish it in such a way that your reader receives a certain sense of CONCLUSION, that he is left with the feeling that really all that should be told—unless one were writing a book-monograph on the subject—has been said.

Then, a short line drawn across midpage a few spaces below the last line of conclusion, and your feature story—the one first draft of the final article—your first set of four articles, if you've been writing "carbons" as you go and will not need to copy any of these because of

corrections now to be made—is ready for thorough editing, recording and then—the pictures added, where photographs are to be sent along—dropping into the mail.

The story of giving final touches to the manuscript—of making them, in the case of certain writers, even better than they, themselves, know how to do; of recording each article, registering the travels it may embark upon; keeping books on it until published and payment has been made, is a long and a worth-while story—so long, however, as to warrant a chapter almost to itself.

Of this, therefore, more anon.

## CHAPTER X

### The Editor, the Reader, and the Illustration

SYNDICATED newspaper-features divide themselves into two great classes, with editors contracting for such material:

The illustrated and the un-illustrated.

The un-illustrated feature, to dispose of it, is the one which either requires no pictures, or to which the author prefers to have the editor provide illustrations, instead of attending to the matter himself.

Features of the former group are growing increasingly rare.

A skilled feature-writer—or shall we say provider of features, since securing pictures to illustrate articles can hardly be classed directly under the head of authorship—manages to find the possibility of a feature picture to accompany almost every theme.

Now and then he is frankly nonplussed.

Let us stop and re-emphasize:

Such occasions are growing increasingly rare!

It hasn't been very long since every thinking Anglo-Saxon was aroused by the thought of the possibility of communication with the planet Mars. Obviously, there are no obtainable photographs of Mars of interest to laymen, unless they be enlargements of pictures taken by astronomers and showing the Martain canals, which have been "done to death," as editors are wont to say.

In order to study Mars, while the presumed signals from the Martains are arriving on the earth-plane, various forms of unusual instruments must be employed. Pictures of these instruments, pictures of the remote observatories where the investigations are conducted, and pictures of the men making the investigations give exceedingly worth-while illustrative material for a paper on this theme.

Assume, however, that there are subjects which cannot be illustrated.

The author of a feature on these themes writes his paper—makes his four initial copies, then four more copies, then another quartette of copies; or has the original mimeographed, or set up in printer's proof, and dispatches it, through the mails, to an editorial world.

The given envelope is dropped on a

stated editor's desk along with many others.

The man seizes the editorial shears and opens the envelope, drawing out the contents.

The script, let us assume it to be, presents itself—neat, inviting, all that it should be.

Automatically, almost, he reads the heading, the sub-head.

By Jove, that is interesting! He reads on.

Perhaps he doesn't read the article to its end then and there, but in his mind he is settled on accepting the manuscript. So he places it on one side—one of the sheep, to be separated from the worthless goats to be returned.

He goes on with the inspection of the mail.

Another and another impossible offering presented in his way!

Then he draws out the folded manuscript in another container, and in a moment he is whirling in his chair to call to an associate:

"Say, look at the machines! D'ye ever see such a bunch?—We thought we saw a string of autos at the time of the Spring Carnival, but never such a flock of 'em as this!"

He passes across the aisle to some other editor a pair of good sharp snapshots. They show the fronts and the rears of who may guess how many scores of automobiles, parked on the banks of a river.

Accompanying them are other "side," or incidental pictures, emphasizing the pleasure to be had from the inexpensive motor-car.

From the pictures—already winning an acceptance for the story—the man glances at the title:

CUTTING THE COST OF YOUR NEW MOTOR-CAR.

That IS an interesting subject, particularly in these days, when costs pretty generally, instead of being cut, are mounting on every hand.

He glances down the first few paragraphs, at random, as a trained reader will.

The article, on a theme dear to so many folk these days, is devoted, NOT to the reduction of costs of the high-priced automobiles, the sorts of cars which are purchased by people whose purses are such that they hardly bother very much about costs whatever—but the universal, inexpensive models such as Smith and

Jones and Brown and Black enjoy. Shipments are being made by river, instead of rail, or under the car's own power.

That article, even if but passably written, has been accepted.

Even if the article is hardly "passably written," even if it must be completely reworked, there are a good many chances to one that THAT editor will buy that article, have it re-written by some *attache* of the paper in the way he wishes it "done," and be printed—if but to keep such very fascinating pictures from adorning the pages of a competitor.

Newspaper publishing, it must be remembered, is a business. Newspaper publishers issue their periodicals in order to make money; they sell news and advertising space to the same ends that the corner grocer will sell you rice, coffee, or sugar.

The more copies the publisher sells—the larger his sworn "circulation lists"—the more advertising he can obtain. The more advertising space sold, it follows most patently at this point, the more of the gold of the realm poured into his tills.

Advertisers, to summarize here—and the point is an important one with the

author who would write for the big newspapers—keep a wary eye on circulations. Circulations are built up of readers; readers cling to, or drop, a given paper according as they find it giving, or not giving service just a little better than any other paper of the town.

Publishers know this.

The editors employed by these publishers know this. They know, too, that their employers read carefully, not only their own, but every other newspaper published in the given city. They know that if another paper, with no larger funds to spend for such material, is giving its readers just a wee bit better than the editors in point manage to secure, the editorial fate is apt to go into the balance and be found wanting.

So there is a SOMETHING which *does* force the editor, into giving careful attention to what the unsolicited envelope may contain, to buy from the wholly unknown author if what he sends is at all worthwhile. This something is the certain knowledge that, if Mr. Editor of the *Post* declines the good story and sends it home, the *Press* may purchase it, print it, and bring the editor of the *Post* before his employers to explain why HE can't "get up" something the equal of that!

Editors, therefore, are on the alert for good things in the budgets offered.

Those good things introduce themselves to their attention quickest—or outbid other, otherwise as good things—where accompanied by photographs.

Why?

Let's answer the question with just one example:

The Great War is over quite a while now. Europe is trying to get back to normal. In this attempt to return to the old ways and often mend these along the lines they have learned through contact with people from afar, during the war years, Europe is doing some very interesting things, indeed.

The farther from the accepted centers you get, the more striking and interesting become these graftings of wholly new ways on old, familiar ones.

Each traveller, back from Darkest Europe, is a mine of material on this head. It should be no trick at all to produce a telling feature on:

THINGS SEEN BY THE WAY IN NEW EUROPE.

Only, the "travel article," as such, has long been "done to death," and exhausted its markets. We Anglo-Saxons are the

greatest nomads of earth, and until the Great War put an end to peregrinations, Anglo-Saxons went everywhere. Folk who are fond of travelling for sight-seeing, men and women entrusted with commercial missions to distant and lesser-known places, must, necessarily, be persons possessed of more than common intellect. Returning, people of this class are very prone to put their observations in writing; by and by they feel the lure of sending them to print.

So the world has been glutted with the travel article, and its theme must be exceptional indeed to make the manuscript "get by."

A travel article of the kind suggested, coming into an office as a manuscript by itself, would be declined on sight, in innumerable places.

Assume, however, that, along with this manuscript, resting, protected by its folded pages, in such a way that they could not help but take the eye the MOMENT the manuscript was drawn from the long envelope in which sent, there were five or six strong, interesting, unusual photographs.

Suppose, reader friend, that, as you sat at the drab of your day's work, some kindly lantern operator flashed five or six

strange, curious, altogether unexpected slides on the wall before your eyes. Don't you suppose you would sit up, very suddenly—interested, wondering, inquisitive to know what was to follow?

Very much that sort of thing occurs with the weary editor, opening one hopeless script after another.

More than this, the editor knows what you and I do when we read our Sunday pages. We may not like to admit it, but we do—and he knows we do!

Through with the actual news pages, and ready to be entertained, amused, instructed if it should be, but in an easy-going way—far different from that we assume when we read the day's news, because we feel we MUST keep abreast of the times, somehow—we turn to the Sunday supplements.

We scan the first page of the first section of these, where there are several put before us. We look, not at the heading of the article, but at the pictures. Then, if they grip us, we read the heading. Then, if that interests us deeply, before even turning the page, we read on.

If that first page's aggregation of illustrations doesn't greatly interest us, we turn to the next page. Then on to the next. So on, through the paper.

If it should happen that there are no "lay-outs"—as the editors and the art-rooms term these sets of pictures to the respective articles—really interesting us, luring us, in the stated sections, we are apt to lay them down with the remark that:

"There's nothing much in the paper today!"

If, on the other hand, resisting the desire to read to the end, then and there, the article with the fascinating illustrations which we discovered on the first page, we travel from page to page, to "see what else is there," and meet several articles, equally tempting, rest assured we'll remain glued to that paper; read them all, and send other folk, subscribers to other of the local papers, to buy a copy of the stated publication, and read the articles in turn.

Pictures today sell the features, because pictures not only catch the buying editors' eyes; they grip readers' attention in turn.

In every city where there are at least two Sunday papers, many people subscribe to just one morning paper the week through. On Sunday, then, father, or the oldest son, or someone else slips

to the corner drugstore for some cigars, or some candy for the children, or ice cream for mid-day dinner, or any other pretext, and while awaiting the wrapping of his purchase, he glances through the other papers' Sunday magazines. He hasn't the time or inclination to read titles, let alone articles, just then. He is looking at the pictures.

Whichever paper presents the most pictures to take his interest, is the additional paper he will buy.

The publishers of the newspapers know this.

The advertising managers of the concerns who advertise in newspapers know this.

The editors know this.

Men who would please those editors cannot over-emphasize the fact to themselves in turn.

Why should that fact be true?

Because—and returning to our article on things the traveller in new old Europe will encounter, the truth of the statement is instantly made manifest—one picture tells the reader of the page far more, about innumerable subjects, than a column of the most wearisome and detailed description in print.

Suppose we had here a sample "layout" for an article on the head sug-

gested—things to be met with on the way in the Near East.

Take just the bazaar picture for example. In order to set forth correctly and adequately what a Near Eastern bazaar and its merchants look like, a writer must enter into tedious details, indeed.

First he should tell of the streets, out in which the wares are exposed there; how wide these must be; what provision is made for persons using the thoroughfares to pass from some point to places elsewhere. Next he would have to indicate the amount of space allotted each stall-holder then, how the stall-holder erects his stall. Those things portrayed succinctly, he would have to tell of the wares sold; how those wares are displayed. Note the array of boxes and baskets in the picture and you'll realize instantly that this is an endless tale! That described, he should enter into equally accurate and graphic descriptions of the shop-keepers; then of the clients who come and who go. After this, of the backgrounds to the booths, the bases of supply. Finally, of the cloths, supplanting awnings, which serve to soften the glare of the sun from above.

One picture tells all this. A few sen-

tences, referring to it, or to certain elements, such as the baskets, the cloths in mid-air, or the turbaned Orientals in it, suffice to set forth the entire tale.

Dismissing many long and tedious sections of a story by an appropriate reference to the "illustrations herewith," permits of giving space to more interesting portions of the story—to things which pictures cannot put before the reader fully, and which have to be described.

Readers know this—they sense the fact, is a more correct way to put it.

They love pictures; they demand pictures; they subscribe for and advertise the newspapers giving them the best array of these.

So the picture must be added to the feature.

Where the author of an article cannot provide such, often an editor, unwilling to lose that article, will provide these, having his artists draw illustrations to fit the subject; or setting some assistant to tapping recognized sources of illustrative material for just what is wanted;—but, for the most obvious reasons, it's a hundred-fold better that the author of the given manuscript should be the party providing them.

## CHAPTER XI

### The Photographic Equipment of the Syndicate Writer

SO important is the part which illustrations—photographs most particularly—play in the selling of the high-grade syndicated article that no writer of syndicate material would think of considering himself even half-ways well equipped until in possession of a camera squarely suited to his purposes!

He might as well try to carry on his business without a typewriter, relying on some stenographic concern to rent him a writing-machine when it might be required.

What kind of camera to invest in, what size instrument to buy, what essentials to insist upon, when making the purchase, are of vital importance here.

On general principles it may be stated that the larger the photographic print sent to an editor, the greater the chance of its acceptance by him.

For long, technical reasons, it is much easier to "reduce" a picture—make a smaller illustration from the big picture sent in—than it is to enlarge a photo-

graph. In enlarging, to put the matter briefly, each little imperfection, every stipple of the paper comprising that first, or original picture, is enlarged along, as well. The wee bit of a dot in the original print—caused by the tiniest fleck of dust settling on the section of film comprising the subject's forehead, as it hung in the drying-room—almost unnoticeable on that initial picture—enlarges and makes a broad white patch, difficult indeed to "touch out," on the enlarged photograph. The imperfections on the large picture, the accidental scratch across the face of the print squarely through the part of the picture showing the roof of the house in point, may diminish to an insignificant hair-line when the picture is "reduced."

There are other whys and wherefores, which belong to the engraving-room, rather than the editorial department, and are altogether too tedious to the layman for more than mentioning here.

Suffice it, to repeat and emphasize, the larger the picture an author might send along with his manuscript, the more pleasing the reception at the other end of the line.

An eight by ten-inch print would spell the last word in desirable, "workable"

pictures; a five by seven-inch print is next best to this.

Only, where men are syndicating, and particularly where they are syndicating many copies, pictures so large as these are absolutely impracticable.

To begin with, the larger the picture, the larger the plate from which printed.

The larger the plate, the greater its cost.

On one picture — one plate — this amount would not be worth the mentioning. Remember, though, that with a single article a wise writer will place five or six pictures; that he writes two, sometimes three, articles, the day, and this for the entire working year 'round. Just a difference of two or three cents on the plate—the negative—becomes an appreciable sum in the course of the year.

The larger the plate, the larger each print made from it. The larger such print may be, the more it costs.

Suppose that a man is sending out twelve copies of an article. Suppose each copy is accompanied by six pictures. There are seventy-two prints, to be used with just that "set."

Suppose he writes two articles daily—the duplicating being done by an assistant, or in the other ways described.

Two articles, only twelve copies of each, would mean one hundred and forty-four prints a day.

Suppose he writes five days of the week, reserving the sixth working day for interviewing—gathering material to be used on the others.

Five days, one hundred and forty prints a day, means a total of seven hundred prints a week.

Working only forty-five weeks a year, assuming the man to indulge in combined gathering tours and vacations, and allowing for in-week holidays, such as Thanksgiving and Christmas, there are 31,500 prints a year involved!

A difference of just a cent a print in cost—and usually the difference between larger sizes of pictures is several times this—would represent a loss to the author of $315 in prints, at least—and this on initial prints.

A given article, accompanied by its pictures, would be mailed to a stated editor—the pictures backed by cardboard cut to size for them; or, if an author wished to be extravagant, in a neat photo-mailer.

The author might even add a photo-mailer for their return; but the cost of such procedure, with twelve copies of an

article and two articles issuing daily, would be apt to bankrupt the man shortly.

The editor at the receiving end would receive the budget. Interesting though the material—fascinating though the pictures along with it—he might not care to use the matter. Possibly he has already had something about it. Possibly the publishers taboo the subject—"race" features are tabooed in certain cities of the Southern States. Whatever the reason, the article must go back.

The return envelope may be there. The editor can use the same cardboard backing the pictures in bringing them to him. He can use the accompanying photo-mailer even, let us say.

But, in innumerable cases, he doesn't.

Why?

Human nature—or force of habit—or just cussedness, who dare say?

He takes the proffered manuscript; he takes the pictures sent along with it; he folds them together in the accepted manuscript shape; he tucks the budget in one of the return envelopes he has in the pigeon-hole before him; he moistens the flap with his lips, gives the whole a rub of the fist to seal the packet thoroughly, and he drops it in the waiting sack for the mail.

Remonstrate?

You'll be told that any further material from you will go to the waste-basket unopened. Your confectioner might as well tell his best customer not to eat cocoanut candy in the store, while awaiting wrapping of the major purchases, because of the crumbs she might make!

Suggest ever so politely?

An editor may apologize, promise to do better, mean well. But, by and by he forgets, or the office-boy tucks "returns" into their envelopes, and office-boys are sometimes changed every few days.

Volumes might be written on how editors mistreat manuscript and the pictures sent along with them. Not to weary the reader, let it answer that in a single year writers sending out pictures too large to fit the accepted manuscript—or legal-size envelope would find themselves receiving back thousands of pictures so badly bent, dog-eared, cracked or otherwise mutilated, that they could not be sold!

In fact, whenever a print comes back showing a trace of handling, men with pride in craft destroy it. To send it to another client is to tell that man he is a second choice. No one likes to be told this, and it prejudices against purchase at once!

So, to come to conclusions, the writer who, without wishing to appear niggardly, does watch his pennies, finds that he does best by employing the largest size picture to be put into the manuscript envelopes.

Experience shows this to be the four by five picture.

Smaller pictures than four by five receive scant attention from editors, except in rare cases.

Pictures smaller that the stated size must be enlarged. Being enlarged, editors must bother to indicate what must be removed—"vignetted out"—because of defects showing as a result of their enlargements. Being enlarged, pictures often prove impossible because of imperfections in the paper, brought out through this increase of size.

What is more, those small pictures—easily dropped to the floor, easily carried off by the wind, easily mislaid or lost—are a nuisance, and so lose out, when in competition with larger, more convenient ones.

A third factor enters into the choice of the four by five picture for the professional writer of syndicate material.

The four by five camera is the largest

size instrument to be had with a "fixed" focus.

Larger than this, instruments "close," or fold together; and one carries them "closed" when not in use.

Many of a newspaperman's best subjects for picture-taking present themselves on the spur of the moment. He must catch them then and there, or not at all! Often they are of people, events, which those most concerned aren't willing to have taken. To stop in one's tracks, open the closed camera; focus by shunting the bellows now back and now forth; then stop and press the button—attracts the attention of subjects, makes them self-conscious, where willing to pose, and so gives an unnatural picture; or it may cause them to flee from focus, or change positions and remonstrate!

To take your picture the instant it presents itself, and to explain later, if you must, is the only safe rule in this work!

The fixed focus camera—always ready for picture-taking—all one need do is to look in the finder, walk a few paces nearer or step a few paces away, and one is ready to press the button—is the ideal instrument for the work!

In that camera, films have many advantages over plates.

Starting out to gather pictures to illustrate a stated subject, taking one's pictures as one tours the place to be written of and taking the notes in point as well, one can never know how many pictures may not be taken, with profit, before the trip is at an end. You may only need six or seven pictures to THAT article, but endless good material for other articles may come, unsolicited, unexpected, in your way. It would be folly not to take those pictures while the opportunity presented!

In view of these facts, the man about to sally forth to gather notes and pictures likes to arm himself with far more supplies than he believes he will require.

Suppose, now, that he carries plates for his purpose. He will have a certain number in the camera. They increase its weight tremendously. He will carry the others in plate-holders—one at either side such frame. Two plates and a holder weigh a trifle. The more holders along, the greater the weight. A chance tripping or a stumble, and breakage may be fatal to the entire expedition; there is no use going on the excursion if you haven't the wherewithal for picture-taking along!

Some men carry their extra plates in a

bag, much like a leather school-bag. Others strap them to the top or the bottom of the camera itself.

Wherever carried, they are heavy and a nuisance, and the chance of breakage causes the bearer to watch his every step.

There are those who claim that one secures a degree of detail with plates which one cannot get with films. We do not believe this! In defense of our contention, we submit accompanying illustrations, adding for consideration the fact that pictures made from films appear in nearly every issue of every high-grade illustrated publication on the globe!

The syndicate writer going out to photograph for his articles in preparation will have one spool of film—ten negatives that is—in the camera. He may tuck three more spools—thirty pictures—in a coat-pocket, with ease.

The man is prepared to take forty pictures, if he must, before touching a base of supply of any description.

He may "change films," unload and reload, anywhere. He need not watch his every step; the films cannot crack or break.

Film or plate as base for his picture-taking, the man goes on his way.

Since he cannot tell what may present

itself in his path, what material for the story in the shaping, or other material for the future, may present themselves, a few accessory supplies may be tucked along here and there, just before he leaves his house-door.

An old-fashioned curling-iron, of the sort whose handles fold up about the prongs of the actual curler, can be slipped into a vest-pocket, pending use. A packet of flash-sheets can be placed with the accustomed wallet in the inside pocket of the coat. When it isn't possible to take long-time pictures, slip a flash-sheet from the budget; place it between the prongs of the curler; make the camera ready; strike a match and touch it to that flash-sheet, and your flash-light picture is done!

Portrait-lenses, for pictures of people standing at close range, and ray-filters—simple lenses, slipping into the front of the camera when desired—can be carried most inconspicuously in the pocket also holding the handkerchief.

A good folding tripod is another essential; this is to be attached to a strap worn over the shoulder, where one works out in the country districts. When in town, most correspondents manage to hold this and the handle of the camera in the clutch of one facile hand.

Camera well-loaded; extra supplies of plates or films; the tripod for dark weather; flash-sheets and their holder for night-time or other, equally unfriendly lights; lenses for this or that exceptional occasion; and the note-book, for other notes, to list his picture-takings, as he makes them, and the man who would take pictures to illustrate the articles he is to syndicate is amply prepared.

## CHAPTER XII

### Securing and Preparing the Illustration

ALL necessary equipment for high-class picture-taking at hand, just WHAT shall the syndicate-writer take by way of photographs to illustrate the writing to follow?

The answer is simple, and yet, when one recalls how feature articles are being bought and sold almost wholly on the strength, the attractiveness, the "alluringness," one is tempted to say, of their pictures, one is tempted to say it warrants the most extended exposition which space will allow.

Briefly put, you, who would illustrate your article, should present the reader of the script, of the eventual printed page, with five or six pictures showing the most interesting, novel, unusual sides of the story you are telling in the columns and this in most compelling ways.

The words "human interest" have become almost a byword in the modern newspaper office.

Where remotely possible, every picture taken should contain human interest—it should not be a cold, stereotyped pho-

tograph of THE SOMETHING being told about; it should show that something acting, performing, doing something which would make it interesting to people chancing by.

Illustrations of this present themselves fast and furiously.

We are writing an article for autumn wedding-time—to be exact, we are describing the large-scale manufacture of plain gold wedding rings.

Concluding the story, we mention sizes through which such rings vary; the largest has such-and-such a diameter; the smallest is of such-and-such size.

To illustrate the point made, we could place one of the largest rings and one of the smallest rings on a strip of dark velvet, and photograph the pair. Adding a rule, in such a way that the space each ring occupied above this would be accentuated, would help the picture. In preparing an article for some scientific publication on the last word in making wedding rings, a picture of this sort would be most advisable.

For the popular audience of the newspaper, on the other hand, human interest should enter in.

Out at the county fair, just now, a pair of dwarfs are attracting goodly

audience. These dwarfs are not at all adverse to advertisement the country over; it will help draw audiences when they reach the respective towns. A short ride in the street-car to the Fair; a few words of explanation; and Mr. and Mrs. Midget gladly pose a picture of him presenting her with the wee size ring—one borrowed by you from the jeweler for the purpose.

Keep your eye out, at the Fair or elsewhere about town; by and by you'll find some heavy-weight suiting your purpose. Many men still wear wedding rings, though Fashion decrees these to milady only; slip along with such a man; tell him what you've in mind—a picture of him—presumably newly-wed, admiring the big ring on his finger, slipped there just long enough to take the photograph.

Human interest should permeate every picture.

Where it cannot, with rarest exceptions, such as come to all rules of course, the picture might as well not be taken.

NOVEL CHRISTENINGS PASTORS HAVE KNOWN, for an Easter issue; CURIOUS TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD, for the Sunday before Decoration Day, or Memorial Day, as it's called in certain places; every other fea-

ture dealing with any subject within the gamut of human activity can be given this elusive and yet usually self-evident touch of "human interest," if one only tried.

Being so very self-evident, there is very little to be taught about it.

Keep your eyes alert for pictures, as you gather your notes and make your investigations for the articles to be written. Take pictures of whatever may be interesting on the way. Take pictures of this subject-matter, call it, in action—the machines running, the people actually at their labors, the animals about their several chores. Take things as they would be were there not a camera in a thousand miles.

Then select the six or eight best pictures, for submitting to your client.

The editor can omit what he wishes from among these.

Possibly the very best final word on the selection, or posing, of these pictures that can be given, is in the form of examples, chosen at random, from the possibilities for features in the papers of the day we write this page.

There has been a gigantic seizure of explosives—dynamite in particular—in Chicago, Dynamite, T. N. T., and similar

materials, are interesting the public. Persons having to do with them at all are very familiar with them, of course; but the percentage of persons who have ever held a stick of dynamite in their hand is less than a tenth of a thousand, taking people as they come down the city street.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DYNAMITE?

becomes a timely and interesting subject just now.

Just the picture of a stick of the explosive in the hands of an innocent youngster—so harmless it is until set off as it should, or should not be—makes one interesting illustration. Then a large-size dynamite-mill, with the employees wearing garments from which all buttons are removed against a chance of friction, gives a splendid idea of the magnitude of the industry. Taking a sample of the latest product of the mill—your camera set at an appropriate distance from yourself, and the button operated by a string pulled from this distance—will grip the most jaded reader. Still again, packing dynamite for shipment; placing it on railway cars for transporting hither and thither, with the caption to the picture telling how high that car

of dynamite could send that train should "something happen," would help illustrate such a story splendidly here.

The bodies of American airmen, killed in England, are being brought to this country by British ships.

BRINGING HONORED DEAD OVERSEAS BY BATTLESHIP

is a subject comparatively few of us know much about. The subject is exceedingly timely just now. The Navy Department will supply a copy of the regulations governing the procedure.

Pictures? Naturally, you should be at the pier when the landing takes place; then, first of all, you want a picture of the caskets in their place of honor. You want a picture of the men keeping vigil while the rest of the ship slept, through the nights at sea. You want pictures showing arrangements for landing the coffins with proper respect and honor. You want to show what arrangements exist for kin to greet the remains in privacy and such comfort for the mourning as the big piers offer. You want to show just how the caskets are placed aboard the train for sending away!

Racing balloons out of Brussels made a landing in Wales. Now that the aero-

plane has grown ubiquitous, we are prone to overlook the balloon. Time was when it, alone, dared sail the skies with men aboard it. Now and then men still go up in balloons to race, or leap to earth from the remotest sky.

How do they guide themselves? How can they bring the balloon to rise or fall? In short, what's there to know of?

## THE ROMANCE AND PERIL OF BALLOONING?

To illustrate the story, one must get in touch with the management of a summer park, or county fair, where balloons are to be sent to the skies. Then, pictures of the balloon, as it comes from the railway-car or other vehicle transporting it to the site of the ascension; pictures of the process of inflating a balloon of this size; pictures of the aeronaut adjusting straps and cut-outs, and other devices for the plunge, before ascending; finally, the balloon rising and a view squarely up at it from below, are desired.

Over in Norway, a great new railway has just been opened. The King and the Crown Prince of the country have narrowly escaped death in a wreck incidental to the dedication.

A new railway in Norway means so

much more of the picturesque land of the Mid-Night-Sun opened to the traveller.

There have been many Americans touring Norway of late years. They will gladly tell of strange things and curios they have met there, for an article on the subject, if you've not "done" the country yourself. They will throw open their albums of snapshots to you, for selecting pictures of which you'd like to borrow films, to illustrate your reading matter. Don't select scenery, landscapes, seascapes, or even mid-night suns. The readers of newspapers have had a surfeit of these. Instead, borrow pictures of the peasants at work in the fields, of the fisher-folk setting sail on the FJORDS, of the curing-stages beside the sea. A good-sized group of these human interest pictures and NEW ROUTES TO DARKEST, MOST PICTURESQUE NORWAY, should market rapidly and well!

All that can be repeated, then, in final summary of this most essential subject of pictures, is that the more "catchy," interesting, attention-compelling pictures—up to six, seven, or at the most eight—one may place with his manuscript, the greater the chance of sale.

Where at all possible, an author should take his own pictures.

Doing so, he is taking pictures of those phases of the subject which interest and appeal to him most.

Naturally, these are THE phases of the subject he will dwell most on in the article he is to write on the subject.

As a result, pictures and script will balance—be in harmony; he will have pictures of things stressed in the manuscript; there will be no pictures whose real meaning is left unexplained.

The pictures taken, the junket over, the film or plates must be developed, and the required prints made from them.

Very few of us can be experts in more than one line. The man if sufficient artistry in his make-up to be a clever writer —to have the "nose for news" developed to the point where he sees stories everywhere—who has the SENSE of taking newsy, interest-catching pictures, developed equally well—is rarely enough of the plodder to make a good developer and then printer of photographs.

What is more, the time he takes to develop and print he could give, at much greater advantage, to gathering more material or writing more scripts, making more matter salable and ship-shape.

There is, of course, no harm at all in erecting a little dark-room in the cellar or the attic; arranging for running water; putting in trays and drying reels; providing artificial light for gloomy days and printing frames, and doing the work of developing and printing oneself.

But, remember, you are to be a professional feature-writer. Your work must bear, throughout, the professional touch.

Your prints are to make the decisive "first impression" with your client. By your prints he will judge you! Good prints can help, poor prints will ruin the most fascinating and worthwhile of photographs.

Thanks to these things, we believe that the "cobbler should stick to his last," and the feature-writer go no farther along the illustration line than taking the pictures; sending plates or films, to the photographer; labelling the finished prints on their return.

There should be a definite contract with some one man, based on a minimum number of prints weekly. He must be made to guarantee first-class developing; —work, as a result of which the films will remain good as new and fit for use through the years.

He should be instructed to make

"glossy" prints only; somehow these provide for better cuts, in the end, than pictures on a dull finish paper.

The prints should have their blacks as black and their whites as white—where on a black and white paper; or their browns as near chocolate, and their whites as near milk color, where of a solio—as possible, consistent with bringing out every detail on the plate, or film.

Personally, we prefer the black and white, glossy paper. It seems much richer and finer than the common "red" solio; it pleases the eye—of the editor, the man we would sell!

Almost the smallest country village on the map of any Anglo-Saxon country has a photograph studio, in these days. The author of syndicate material can make his arrangement with the nearest neighbor of the sort for some improvisation on such a schedule as this:

As we finish a spool of film in our camera we mail it, or sometimes bring it, to the photographer. He develops it with his next lot of developing work; then sends us the films, that we may choose those we may desire now, or a little later, for prints. Some of the negatives on the spool are of things worth the

taking, but may not be used—be printed from, therefore—in years.

The developed films reach us, are marked with the place of taking, date of taking, and serial number in the packet of films given over to that especial place, at once. Then they are recorded on the linen envelopes of that packet correspondingly.

After that, it becomes impossible not to know where a stated film was taken, when, and exactly what it is that the picture is meant to show.

Some of the new negatives we may need at once. We may supplement them, in any one article, with negatives taken years before. Any negative may be called into use any day.

In the morning—brain good and fresh—we write our feature "story." As we write it, the pictures to be used with it naturally suggest themselves to mind—they seem to rise out of the typewriter and stand forth as on some screen meant for the mental eye.

All that morning long, except when we stop to glance through the postman's budget, we compose—and nothing more!

By and by it's lunch time.

Nooning over, we sort out the films to be used with the articles written. We

place those for each article in a cheap yellow envelope to itself. That evening we put that envelope in the mail, addressed to the photo studio. That evening we drop our day's sheaf of manuscripts in the mail addressed to whomsoever is to revise it.

Next morning the photographer receives our films. That morning he makes the prints off these—makes our pictures. That afternoon they dry, are trimmed, smoothed out; prepared otherwise for our using. Then, that evening they are dropped into the mail, to be delivered to us first post next day.

While the pictures are being printed, the manuscript they should illustrate is being overhauled, made ship-shape as we and our's can make it. It, in its turn, is dropped in the post that night; it reaches us, in the same post with the photographs, next morning.

We believe this comes pretty near to the last word in quick production of as near-perfect features as we know how to produce them. It is as rapid a system of production, for large-scale work as twenty-one years in the "feature-writing game" has shown to be practicable.

Naturally, not all pictures used are of an author's taking.

Sometimes, as in the case of the story on Norwegian travels, one can borrow films, and post these to the photographer, to be printed off as though they were one's own. Credit should then be given the owner:
PHOTOS BY HOWARD FABING, otherwise the insinuation lies that the author took the pictures himself.

Sometimes those giving one the data for the story have no longer the film, nor plate, but just one picture of the certain SOMETHING one does want a copy of to illustrate his story.

When King Peter of Serbia, pathetic foot-ball of Fate, died, on the Continent, not long since, the simple Serb who had worked in the Royal Palace at Belgrade and who gave most interesting details of the Macbethan tragedy seating Peter on the throne, might have just one picture of the monarch, and with this he would not part at any price.

One *did* want to reproduce that picture, and so resorted—if he knew the way—to simple methods:

The enterprising correspondent would leave with his informant a check for many times the value of the picture, to satisfy this man that it would not come to any harm while in his hands. If it

should, that instant the wholly disproportionate check could be cashed.

The check left with the picture-owner, one took the photograph to any studio able to do "copying" or "re-copying," it is often called. There that photo of the King was photographed, very much as the King had been photographed at the start. A negative resulted, and from that negative a million prints and more could be made, as desired.

The original photo was then returned to its owner; the check, left as security with him, was destroyed.

Under such an arrangement one can usually secure the loan of almost anything of which one wishes a picture, and which one's own camera-equipment is unable to take.

Some men illustrate their work with sketches of one sort or another—actual sketches, or grotesques.

In syndicate work, this is a tedious task, and hardly to be advised any except those who know absolutely that their sketches will command a fancy price.

After the initial set of sketches has been made, there must be a duplicate set for each article to be issued; another

duplicate must be prepared whenever, with a returned manuscript, a picture in the series is marred, soiled, lost, or otherwise kept from immediate use.

Editors pay no more for articles illustrated with the sketches than they do for those employing photos. Many of them actually refuse sketch material by way of illustration.

For anyone but the *arrived* writer, or the acknowledged genius at SELLING his sketches, to employ drawings with his syndicated material would appear to some of us decidedly ill-advised!

Prints, received from the photographer, are sorted; that there may be one of each, of a given set, for each client. The most interesting picture of a set is placed on the top. Other pictures are placed below, with subjects varying as far as possible, to sustain the interest.

As concerns the pictures, then, there remains little else to say.

Manuscript, photographs, leaving the hands of the actual author—the author-photographer, where possibly may be —for such "personal editor" as that author may employ to give final touches to the budget—there remain but the mat-

ters of finding new markets, aside from existing orders, and keeping books on one's manuscript until they have been paid for, and the printed copy has been put away in the bulky scrap-books which all writers come to keep as permanent files of their work!

## CHAPTER XIII

### Putting the Finishing Touches on a Manuscript

THE proof of the pudding is the eating thereof, according to an old English adage.

The proof of the feature prepared for syndicating rests in the number of publications making use of it, and just how near the original version it stands when they bring it to print.

In the preceding chapters, the manuscript in the making has been brought to the point where its author has written the concluding sentence of the final paragraph, making at least four copies as he went.

Taking the four copies just produced, he will seat himself at a broad-top desk, or the dining-room table.

The original copy—the actually typed copy, that is to say—of page one of the manuscript he places off at the right. Next to it he places the first carbon copy of the same page 1. Next to this is placed the second copy, then the third—the bottom copy; the one which, receiving the deadened blow of the typewriter alone,

is apt to be the faintest. Whatever stands out, sharp and clear, on this bottom impression, it is obvious, will be sharp and clear and in no need of correction on the rest.

The writer of the article draws his chair before this fourth copy.

Carefully, he proceeds to read this.

All goes well through the heading, the sub-head, the first paragraph. When the man composed that portion of the manuscript the brain was still feeling its way to the story; it worked more slowly, fingers kept pace, and all went well. Where they didn't, if he was wise, he would have known it long since. Many writers stop just a moment after concluding that first paragraph, to read what has been written. If there is any error, either of typing or grammar, to correct in this, they draw the page from the machine and copy over—for a correction, however slight, stands out like a stain on a table-cloth, if in this initial part of the script.

Beyond that first paragraph, however, any and every sort of thing is apt to happen!

His mind intent upon his theme, the man may be forcing his fingers to dash along, full pace, and fingers—beg pardon,

muscular co-ordination, the experts tell us we should say—sometimes rebel. The finger which should have hit a capital C in spelling *Chicago* in the line went only so far as the edge of the button for X, and so we have *Xhicago,* instead of *Chicago,* in the manuscript. Again and again there are mistakes of that sort; even professional typists, who copy, and do not compose as they go, are guilty of them ever so often in their writings.

Speeding along with what psychologists term the brain-train—not wishing to interrupt the flow of the thoughts as it pours through the finger-tips into the machine, you don't bother, again and again, with such things as commas and colons and semi-colons. You can put them in, by and by.

Still again, working from notes, and on subjects with which the author was wholly unfamiliar until the moment of holding the given interview, it so happens that, dealer in words though he may be, he is not always certain of spelling. Naturally, he did not wish to betray his ignorance to the person interviewed; instead, he wrote the long, technical names in his note-book as he believed they were spelled and with a question-mark, in parenthesis, behind. Come to

writing the article now, he still wasn't certain. He didn't care to stop, then and there, to make certain from the dictionary. Instead, he left a vacant space where the term should be, and resolved to insert the proper word by and by.

Once again, it will happen that an author—called from his work of composing by the telephone, or a caller who cannot be denied just then—returning, will slip a mental cog, or suffer a wee lapse of memory. He will forget that he has stated certain minor facts in a previous place in the manuscript, and proceed to tell the facts all over again.

More important still, re-reading a completed manuscript, with a quiet, unimpassioned mind—quite different from the eager, enthusiastic brain, which can't be held in leash to tell all there is to tell about the theme in the least possible space of time—one often finds "stretches," they are called—sections of page—which can be much improved. Glittering generalities, unnecessary personal estimates and opinions as to matters, may lengthen the article beyond all proper bounds; crowd the room from more vital things, and are easily removed. "Killing enthusiasm," Sunday editors in a large part of the American Mid-West

call the work of eliminating the extraneous.

Seated quietly before the four copies, reading the manuscript as a completed whole, these and often innumerable other errors present themselves squarely to the composer's eye.

With a very fine-pointed pen—a new point costs but a cent at the corner drug-store, so there is never an excuse for using a pen, once it's grown dull—and black ink, to match the typewriting and the carbons; and in the finest possible hand, so that the corrections shall not stand out on the page, he proceeds to correct his script.

Commas and other punctuation marks are easily inserted. Often it becomes easy to change one letter into another with the pen. Wherever more than one letter in a word must be altered and this second does not exactly neighbor the first correction, one should strike out the entire word, and print the correct version above.

For example, if, in hurried writing of CINCINNATI, I should type it *CIMCINNATI,* a stroke through the M and a wee N above it, or a heavy "shading out" of the unnecessary part of the M to convert it to N would be in order. If

I wrote the word CIMBINNATI—a hurried proof-reader might cross out the M and the B, and place the N and C above them. Personally, however, we should prefer running the slant lines,—///////—through each letter and then printing the whole word above. Under no circumstances, however, if the hurried or nervous typist had made the word CIMCINNHTI, should one strike out the M and the letter H and place corrections *over* each! It takes but a moment to strike out the word and re-write it correctly above.

Where an entire word is to be changed, or removed thus, running one slant stroke through each letter leaves an infinitely neater page than running a horizontal line through the word.

Wherever the pronounced corrections — entire words, and especially phrases or sentences—reveal themselves at a *casual* glance on the finished page, one should copy that page over. A neat manuscript is a manuscript half-sold, and a number of unsightly corrections staring the newcomer to the page in the face are inevitably fatal to first appearance of neatness!

These corrections—directions as to which of the corrected pages shall be

copied by the stenographer, where the writer employs one for such hack work —the author can make himself.

All duly made, the badly-scarred pages copied, and the copies inserted, each in its proper place, the manuscript is ready for whatever course awaits it. A stenographer may make from it two additional sets of scripts—four copies of each. In that case, careful as that stenographer may be, it won't harm matters at all for the author to read, if only hastily, those eight copies—four at a time, as with his own work—on their return. Or they may be mimeographed, in which case he gets from the machine exactly what he placed on the roll; or they may be sent to the concern doing duplicating work, or off for printer's proofs, and in the latter two cases he does well to insist on "reading copy" before the full number of proofs is printed.

With this procedure our writer friend produces for his clients, wheresoever these may be, the very best *he* can.

There are a very great many people who aver that one's best is the most that anyone has a reasonable right to expect.

Only, there are said to be exceptions to positively all human rules, and such an exception rests here.

It is possible—and some of us find it very profitable—to make such work as a writer believed his very best considerably better still unless said writer believes himself past master in the use of the mother tongue, and knows that he uses his most perfect English every time he writes.

This consists in the employment, on a time or quantity basis, of what might be termed a personal editor.

The personal editor is to edit the work —pronounced letter-perfect in arrangement, construction and style by the author actually writing it—and make it more perfect still.

Where one may not happen to know someone for such a post, it is not overly difficult to be put into touch with candidates for the same.

There is hardly a place in the United States or Canada where the mail will not bring a letter from the syndicate writer to the professor of English literature in the college or university of that state in at most three, and usually two, or even one day's time.

You, who wish to secure the services of a "personal editor," would write such professor at your nearest university, outlining your needs:

You wish him to put you in touch with one of the upper-classmen in his charge who possess that peculiar literary sense —that indefinable near-intuition, of what should be and what should not be in a script, according to the audience for which it is meant—which even professors of English name by no better word than the Hun term for the equivalent with them: WORT-GEFÜHL.

WORT-GEFÜHL—a feeling, or sense, as to words, sentences, paragraphs, all of that, seems to be inborn in certain students of literature in every class, large or small. Those students often exhibit the curious instinct for an English many times better than that used by the rest of the school away back in their high school or prep-school days.

Rest assured that every professor of English, every instructor and every teaching fellow in English in the given institution knows these students—knows exactly how they rank and compare.

It won't be very long before such a one of them as the given professor may designate will write you for greater details as to what you may have in mind. Should distance not prevent, a personal interview is by far the more satisfactory!

Briefly, you may describe, the procedure intended somewhat like this:

Every day of the week but one, which is the day when you go forth to interview, to gather material, and on which, incidentally, your office is thoroughly cleaned for the week—you write, fast as possible, correctly as posible from breakfast until noon.

Naturally, you are most eager to produce a perfect script. Naturally, you do not wish the page marred with more corrections than absolutely must be. Naturally, you do not care to pay for editing, any more than you must.

But, the brain will tire, and the fingers will slip, over and above all such errors as these, you KNOW that mistakes have crept into your craftsmanship. Rooseveltian spelling swept the country, a few years ago, and writers who would be up-to-date adopted it. Then, slowly, surely, there has come a reform. Many of us must admit we do not know exactly to what bounds this has been extended. We know that many of the best writers employ THRU instead of THROUGH; yet the very same writers insist that the world replace the final E on such a word as: THEREFORE.

A syndicate writer gathers his material among all kinds of people, in all sorts of places. He brushes up with what

is called "the masses" constantly, and it follows that, bit by bit he takes on idioms and colloquialisms and inaccuracies, or, at least, inelegancies, of their speech. The masses, it must be recalled, do not speak the very best English.

As a result, little by little faults begin to present themselves in a writer's diction. Editors may change the lines in this case or that; where they do, the author cannot know the exact reason; it may have been they wished to lengthen, or shorten, a column to exactly fit the space afforded. Sometimes those editors, not certain as to whether the author is right or wrong, let scripts "go at that." The article appears, with the error conspicuous at once to the knowing among the readers.

In short, the author knows that, very much though he might wish it so, the work fresh from the typewriter is nowhere nearly as perfect as he would like it.

He knows that some of the corrections —the proof-reading, put it—he could do himself. In the time that he is so engaged however, he might be more profitably occupied composing additional matter.

Instead, as he draws the pages from

the machine, four of a sort at a time, recollect, he will remove the carbons to use with the next set. The written pages he will place in a container of the desk-top before him.

At the end of the composing day he will take this work—fold it, as the final articles sorted out of it will be folded, indicate on the rear of each manuscript the record line—of which more anon—and then mail this to the personal editor, be SHE where-so-ever, to edit and return to him, at the first convenient moment.

Usually a writer drops the packet to be edited in the post as he steps from his door for a breath of fresh air just before evening dinner. Simultaneously, he posts the packet of films chosen to illustrate those articles to the photographer, that he may make the prints off these, while the editing just described is being done.

Unless distances prevent arrival of material on such schedules, the editor edits and the photographer prints the work so sent next day. Each drop the return budget into the mails that night.

The postman brings the writer his scripts—sorted out now into individual manuscripts—and his photographs, to be

placed with these, by the identical early morning mail.

Where pages have been changed sufficiently to warrant recopying the editor so indicates on a slip of paper tucked along. Where she herself is in doubt as to meanings, and cannot solve the riddle given, she indicates page number and approximately the line. Where she finds the author persisting in certain slips, certain faults, she draws his attention to these, that he may learn—as a boy in grammar school does—to do better next time.

In short, manuscripts return ready either for a stenographer copying pages here and there, or for placing in the mails, just as soon as the pictures have been added;—or, for complete re-writing, then re-editing, and possibly re-writing anew, where the personal editor frankly declares that she KNOWS that the manuscript, as it stands, will not do!

This, then, is the work desired of the party to be engaged as personal editor.

The work will reach the editor at such address as she may name. She may do it where and when she will. As soon as a day's budget is completed she mails it back; return envelopes are provided for this; postage is charged on her bill.

Bills are usually paid weekly. Services are paid for at the rate of two dollars and a half an hour.

A good editor, familiar with the slips her employer is "sure to make;" having him pretty well broken of most of his other faults; knowing what to look for and just how to unriddle some of these cruxes in the typing, should be able to edit in three working hours what the author will have written in the five composing days of his week.

Where the author is in the best of fettle—where the brain, far from being tired, produces as rapidly as the keys of the machine will respond—where words and phrases mold themselves in such a way as to require no re-working, a good editor can sometimes accomplish the weekly amount in considerably less. Writers are a little prone to take undue advantage of such periods of mental perfection or exhilaration, however, to work a brain, when in such shape, to the N-th degree, and so the day of almost brilliant copy is apt to be succeeded by one that tells of fag. Time gained the one day, therefore, must be given to the work of the day after, and where a man is writing the five-day week, three hours are a safe estimate for editing.

This time, then, is required of the young woman to be employed.

The wise writer secures a woman every time in preference to a man for the work. There is a certain diligence, conscientiousness, thoroughness, about a woman in an editorial post which is rarely found in men. Men will go forth, report, compose—man has been the gatherer since the beginnings of the race; men irk and chafe under the task of changing spellings of words, adding words, omitting them; revamping sentences, and the like. Women, on the other hand, often find a rare delight in bringing a script to its finest degree of perfection; doing so, the woman's hand can swerve the pen to strike out here and insert there with a next-to-invisible daintiness which no masculine hand can ever hope to assume.

The difference in the very looks of a page well edited by a woman, and another carbon copy of the same material, edited by mi-lady's brother, is as the proverbial one between day and night.

Volumes might be written of the services really willing personal editors can —and sometimes do—render the authors.

Unfortunately, however, the attitude of the really "literary girl," the sort

professors recommend to you for the post, toward the writer for such ephemeral material as newspapers, technical and similar publications, is very nearly that of the old Roman generals toward the barbarian chieftains they must hold in check.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do," the barbarian chieftain, come to pay homage and tribute to Caesar was admonished, as he asked for guidance as to conduct. Wherefore, while among the Romans the barbarian did, as nearly as he could, as did those about him. When the Romans went beyond the pale and into the far-flung reaches of the Empire, on this errand or that, they, in their turn, remembered always that they were *Romans*. One might meet the barbarian, one might trade to good advantage with him but—he must be constantly reminded that he was less than the least of the Romans; that he must keep his place!

Perhaps it is well that these personal editors persist in such an attitude. It prevents them lowering their own standards of writing and thereby permitting the author to lower his.

Manuscript is dispatched to the personal editor by post; it returns; is copied, if necessary; and such copy is

proofed and pronounced ship-shape, in turn.

The pictures—the most attractive of each set topmost—are placed inside the manuscript between the bottom fold, which bends in, and the top, so that pictures, head of manuscript, are all in sequence—or as writers would say, in "line."

Omitting the obvious, at mailing-time there rests upon the author's desk twelve type-scripts and carbons of the manuscript, or whatever number of mimeographed copies he may have had made, their pictures along with them; or the stated number of printer's proofs, with the photographs placed inside these.

## CHAPTER XIV

### Recording and Selling

ALL the material—manuscript and pictures—is ready for the mailing.

Recording and then selling conclude its story.

Manuscript envelopes, bearing the author's name and address in one corner, and addressed to THE FEATURE EDITOR, (for there are no SUNDAY editors to evening papers publishing Saturday supplements) are at hand.

Into each sending envelope, which is of a strong and attractive white paper, there has been slipped a less expensive, equally-strong manilla envelope, bearing the author's name and return address. This will bring the unavailable manuscript home to him, in as near the shape it left his door as the editor about to view it may permit.

The author takes the first of the manuscripts in hand. It is folded so that the rear of the printed page is before him.

He places this in front of him so that the "narrow" end of the manuscript presents itself, to be written across.

On this he writes, in type form, the most abbreviated form of the title of the article he can devise for himself.

HOLIDAYING IT WITH THE APARTMENT-HOUSE DWELLERS may resolve itself to:

APTMT.-H. XMAS

(*"Apartment-House Christmas,"* of course).

YOUR OLD-FASHIONED LEAP-YEAR PARTY

becomes:

LEAP-YR. PARTIES.

Each of the copies, be there ever so many, has this abbreviated title written at the rear. It saves much time in issuing, when some of the unwanted brain-babes come home.

Next to this title, A. is placed on the first copy; B. on the next; C. on the next, and so on. Each article becomes a separate entity from this point on; each will travel its own route, has its own history to keep.

Some men place the date of writing the article on this record line also; thus 9: 3:21 would be September 3, 1921—this in order to prevent confusion if

articles on identical subjects were written at separate times.

Ready for the envelope; stamps for return dropped loosely in front of the foremost photograph; the whole then slipped into the white container with the yellow return-envelope serving to brace, or support, the back against the blows of the stamp-cancelling machine, your manuscript is ready to post.

Only, before you drop your bread upon the waters, it is essential that you keep a record of the individual crumbs—Copy A., Copy B., Copy C., and the like, as you marked them.

Familiar white filing cards, ruled, of course, and kept in alphabetical order in the equally-familiar steel filing-cabinet, are the most successful mediae to be employed here.

Onto the topmost line of a card you copy the abbreviated title of the back of the manuscript, the date and, if you wish, in parenthesis, the real and longer title of the article as that appears at the head of the script.

Thus:

MED. HAT WIND, 2:8:22

(Where March Winds Blow Hardest) would be the titling of a card to an ar-

ticle on Medicine Hat, the reputed source of the maddest March winds.

Under that title, A., B., C., at appropriate places on the line, serve to caption three columns, one for each of those three copies of the article indicated.

Down in the right-hand corner: SEE CARD II indicates that the record is not yet complete.

Card II has the same top-line as Card I bears. Beneath it though, the columns are headed D., E., F.

Thus one may continue with an indefinite number of copies of any article one would place in the mails.

On the return of a given copy, it's the work of a moment to find all the places to which it has travelled; to which its companions—identical in their text—have gone; then hit on a new place, and dispatch it there, starting off that night anew.

How to find these markets, or possible markets, for one's wares is not nearly as difficult as many folk seem to imagine.

The wise young syndicate-writer stays out of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco with his wares until he has "arrived."

The papers of those cities are sold over the entire country, as well as in their

own localities. They pay considerably more for material used than any one paper otherwise will do for the sort of article a syndicate-writer will offer, but never as much as he obtains by cross-country syndicating.

A given New York paper might pay a man forty dollars for a feature. If that man syndicated it to twelve papers, averaging him five dollars each, he would have say twelve times five, or sixty dollars for his pains.

The New York and Chicago papers especially insist that feature matter bought by them shall be exclusive.

They advertise, in Pittsburgh and in Columbus and in Milwaukee, matter not to be found in the papers of those cities.

Hence, when they buy, they buy "outright"—or "all rights"—and you may not reproduce your material elsewhere this side the sea.

There is so much material—exclusive material, or material prepared by men known to their editors—pouring into these metropolitan papers, that the beginner, without name or introductions, has but slight chance of getting his matter even read.

Wherefore, for the time being we will forget the existence of these three centers.

In addition to them, the United States —and, in turn, Canada—is very liberally sprinkled with big cities. In all of these big cities—not metropoli, but very big municipalities, many of them none-the-less—there are newspapers. Where these newspapers are morning papers they carry Sunday supplements; these supplements must be "supplied."

Stop, now, and consider what papers folk subscribe to—what additional papers they buy, when bad weather or other reasons cause them to read more than one paper at a time:

It's the newspaper of the city they are living in—the newspaper of the place, the people about them, of course!

The fact is elemental, but it is vitally important.

You, who live in Columbus, know very well that the Cleveland and the Buffalo and especially the Detroit papers are far superior to certain Columbus papers in many particulars. Their opportunities for funds are larger, and so they can do what the Ohio capital city papers cannot. But you don't subscribe for the *Plain Dealer,* or the *Times,* or the *Detroit News,* but for the Columbus papers. You want to read about what happened on Capitol Square, and what they are doing

in the suburb you live in; you would rather read that than Cleveland or Detroit or Buffalo news. So with the rest of us.

This means that the good folk of a given locality read, on the Sabbath, the papers of the largest city in that locality.

In order to reach those people, your article should be published in one of the papers of that city—that metropolis for usually about fifty to a hundred miles around.

One doesn't sell the same article to two papers in the same city, for the same obvious reason that no *modiste* would deliver a client a gown, made to order for her, but found, before long, to be identical, or very nearly so, with the "dress made to order" for someone else.

You select the newspaper in the given city which seems likeliest to buy your work. You address your envelope to this, and drop it in the mails.

Should that man return the script, you look up the city in your newspaper directory, of which more anon; find the next likeliest publication listed among the newspapers published there, then submit the article duly to this.

Should this man refuse the material, you look up your city in the guide-book

once more, find a third possible client, and submit to him in good turn.

Thus on and on and on, with the newspapers of that city.

When you have exhausted them, or, should the notion seize you, long before this, you may open the directory at random, choose some other city, and then begin submitting the articles, as they come home from elsewhere, there.

Until you come to learn editorial likes and dislikes IN YOUR WORK—things no books can give you, but which editors, liking your material in general, or disliking it utterly, may state from time to time—it is pretty much "hit or miss" where you offer, among the large cities.

When once you've sold an editor, it's not a bad idea to place his paper on a "Red Star" list, kept to the purpose. Bit by bit the Red Star list grows until, should you make twelve copies alone, you send them to the dozen names on that list; or invariably start your sendings with the papers on that list. Those men KNOW your work, like your work; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, remember.

Even should one employ printer's proofs in one's work and send out a

hundred of these sets simultaneously, he need not fear to exhaust his markets.

One proof to a paper in each of one hundred cities—take the cities alphabetically if you wish. Take the papers in alphabetic order, as they appear under the given city's caption, in order to avoid loss of time and possible confusion later on.

Editors grow careless about returning printer's proofs. Despite every precaution and facility for their return on your part, many editors toss unavailable proofs away.

If fifty of your one hundred proofs aren't used, you'll be lucky if over twenty-five of those fifty are returned.

Of those coming home, some will have UNAVAILABLE written in inerasable ink across them. Some will be crumpled badly. Some will be torn. Some will have ink spilled upon them. Most will be folded in such a way that creases prevent their sending forth to other markets anew.

Of the fifty printer's proofs come home, you may have twenty in such shape that you may offer them elsewhere.

Issue the twenty to as many other papers now, and you will find your pro-

portions of returns which can be re-used remain the same.

As a result, by and by you have disposed of all your proof sheets; you, or your waste-baskets, or the office charwoman emptying newspaper-office waste-baskets will have brought the edition to an end.

The pictures are mutilated along with the proofs. They are bent and torn and soiled.

There is no redress.

There is "profit and loss" to be charged in every business. Here, you charge tearing, soiling, mutilation, destruction, to profit and loss.

Some men reduce their photographer's bill by printing on their printer's proofs the words:

"Appropriate Pictures Sent At Once On Request."

That prevents wasting many good pictures.

But, as already stated in a previous chapter, pictures often determine sales. An editor who is returning the unillustrated proof might have bought it, had he seen the telling photographs. To write for these is to obligate himself—at least partly—to an acceptance. He doesn't like to do this with unknown

material. He sends back the unillustrated feature, and buys from men who send their photographs along.

Where, though, to find the names, the addresses, of the newspapers to whom to submit this material in the various cities of this country and the dominion to the North?

A good many years ago a man named Ayers began what he called the AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, issued in the city of Philadelphia once each year. By and by he took his son into the venture.

Today, it is safe to say there isn't a newspaper office in the United States worth the mentioning, surely not one boasting a circulation of five thousand or more, but has a copy of the standard or AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, on its office shelves. Innumerable public libraries have the volume—subscribe for it, that is—for a new edition which is put out each year.

It's a poor sort of a newspaper writer —a feature-writer particularly — who can't strike up enough of a friendship with the editor of a home-town or near-town paper, possibly by giving him leads as to news items that may come in his

path, to permit of consulting this book when desired.

Better still, the syndicate writer may be able to persuade the editor to sell him last year's copy, or get the next nearest public library to subscribe for the volume, if it is not already on the shelves. By and by, out of the results of his pen—typewriter rather—the scribe will invest in a copy of the latest edition, for his very own.

Among other things, the AYER'S NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY lists the publications of the entire United States by states first of all. Under states, it lists them by communities—these presented alphabetically. Under the given communities, it lists them by their titles, and then it goes on to give pertinent details. It tells a very great deal which it is well for men in the newspaper field to know about every publication listed in this way; but of especial moment to the syndicate writer is the fact that it indicates which of these publications contain what is known as the "Sunday supplement," and so are apt to be open to syndicate material.

Thus, taking up the Directory, and opening to Ohio, we should find the name of the Buckeye State in a prominent type

at the head. Continuing down the long columns of communities set forth alphabetically there, we would reach Cincinnati. Under that name we would find several newspapers indicated. Two alone would serve the syndicate-feature writer, the *Enquirer* and the *Commercial Tribune.*

The Ayers lists of publications, the details given as to each, are so ultra-comprehensive, and the book is so easily accessible to any one except the dweller on remote farms or at lonely mines—who might drop a return post-card to the publishers of whatever paper he subscribes to, and would, no doubt, be favored with the names and addresses of enough papers to serve him till he could buy a copy of that book itself—that it were waste of time and effort to dwell on lists of markets here.

Suffice it that every paper in the following list proves itself a friend—and a good one—to the unknown author who proceeds to syndicate:

Lewiston (Me.) *Journal;* Boston *Globe;* Philadelphia *Record;* Pittsburgh *Dispatch;* Buffalo *News;* Utica *Globe;* Detroit *News;* Toledo *Blade;* New Orleans *Times;* Indianapolis *News;* Louisville *Courier Journal;* St. Louis

*Republic;* Omaha *Bee;* Salt Lake City *Deseret News;* San Antonio *Express;* Spokane *Spokesman;* Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian.*

The material is sent to the Sunday editors.

Some of the material comes home.

Some of it—if printer's proof—is fit for the waste-basket only.

Other specimens are sent out anew.

By and by, let's assume, an entire issue has been placed, or destroyed.

In due course, the articles accepted are printed.

It's not a bad idea to subscribe to a press-clipping service; they watch the papers you indicate, or all others generally, and send anything bearing your name within a few days of its reaching print.

This is one way of knowing articles have been published.

The other, slower way comes through the purchasers.

They seldom advise you of acceptance of material. You sent it for use, they are holding it for use; what need of anything else being said?

In a very few cases—so rare they can hardly be considered here—papers pay on acceptance.

More often, they pay the contributor on the Saturday of the week following the Sunday when the work was used. Checks, that is to say, are mailed that Saturday; when they reach YOU depends on your location.

More often still, regular contributors —men, much of whose work is used the year 'round—are paid once a month for all material used to date of payment. The day for posting this check depends on the individual paper.

Rates paid for syndicated material vary so largely that there can be no rule made.

While, as a general thing, length determines the amount of the payment for the given article, words are not counted, lines are not counted, but the editors "size up" the given feature, and then make a liberal allowance for the number and value of the photographs.

Fifteen, twenty, sometimes twenty-five dollars is paid for one feature. More often fifteen, or ten dollars, will represent the average payment made by a big city paper for a 1,500 word feature with four or five good photographs. In smaller cities five dollars, for articles only, six dollars for article and pictures, may be paid. Here and there small papers pay two dollars—two dollars and a half for article and pictures.

The last sum seems preposterous. It would be, were the article written for that paper alone.

But that paper is receiving a printer's proof, costing the author a fraction of a cent, plus one cent to mail it. Or, at best, it is receiving a carbon type-script, whose actual cost—over and above all the other costs for copies sent to more profitable sources—is simply that of five sheets of paper, carbon used on these, an envelope or two, return and carrying postage—the full total not over fifty cents.

Receiving a net profit of $1.50 on an investment of half a dollar isn't very bad business.

The article appears; the article is paid for.

Usually, indorsing the publisher's check constitutes the only receipt required.

Wise writers accompany the check with a nickel, or a dime, and a request for one or two copies of the paper containing the material paid for.

On its receipt, they gum this into carefully indexed scrap-books.

The volume and the page of the book containing the given copy of the article is inscribed next to the word PAID at the base of its column, on the filing card.

There will often come times when it's exceedingly convenient to have clippings of the articles one has written.

Sometimes one will even set the stenographer to making copies of this or that one, and then syndicate these, to wholly different groups of papers in other cities!

Indicating the page occupied in one's scrap-book by each copy there may have been printed of the given syndicate budget spells the last act of the tale.

The article has been prepared, written, edited, sent to the likeliest markets.

By and by, bread upon the waters—bread its maker believed really worth while—has brought its own golden return!

The syndicated features, individually and collectively, have been published and paid for.

Copies of the articles, as they appeared in each of the papers printing them, or such versions as the respective editors cared to make of them, are in the scrap-books on the office-shelf!

## Conclusion

SO we come to the end of the long, long story!

Out of the passing remark of some friend, as he greets, out of an almost hidden line on the crowded daily newspaper page, out of the idle chatter of the summer girl on the inland seas, out of the suggestions of men of business, men of affairs, who have neither time nor inclination nor always the exact understanding to ferret the facts for themselves, the syndicate-feature man prepares, illustrates, sends to print, the syndicate-feature.

College folk tell you it is not literature—this thing he is making!

In the company of those who wear the golden keys that stand as badges of the erudite, men who write the features for the country's largest Sunday magazines are made to feel themselves out of caste or strangely wanting!

And yet:

Tired mothers set aside the Sunday supplements, when clearing off the debris of the week-end holidays, and reach for

these and forget their trials, as they read, while they croon tired babies to slumbers.

Heart-torn, soul-weary fathers, waging utterly futile contests royal against rising bills and diminishing revenues, as domestic worries re-act on the men and decrease their native earning power, pick up the Sunday magazines, as the only magazine material they can still afford, and scan the pages at first listlessly; and then their interest held, read on and on, and by and by forget their fears, and come back from the reading hour the better, if but because the throbbing brain received a needed rest!

Boys and girls of a thousand public schools are taught by the teachers of current affairs, of present day history, of the sciences and sometimes the arts, to keep weather eye out for the Sunday sections.

The article on how the President consults his Cabinet today; the account of the manner in which Federal wireless operatives record the travels of the heavy mail-planes; the features detailing what is being done to grow dates on waste land in the Southwest—children clip these things from their pages, bring them to school, read them to other children whose

parents do not "take" the given papers, build compositions upon them in turn.

Old folk delight to settle in their easy-chairs before the fire, late of winter afternoon, and read the feature sections kept from the Sunday previous.

Toddlers insist on being shown the pictures. Things worth while are explained to them, as not one in a thousand would receive such an explanation otherwise.

These sorts of things occur every Sunday of the year, it is safe to assume, in a thousand, ten thousand, perhaps twenty thousand communities throughout the land.

Rural free delivery, the speedy automobile sent to the crossroad for the papers even on the coldest, or most torrid of Sunday mornings, a thousand other mediae, bring the Sunday sections to the lonely farmsteads, and to other dwellers far removed from the centers—to bring information, to spread learning—to amuse and instruct—to dispel loneliness and lighten weary hours—to prove the real harbingers of all good cheer there!

Perhaps they aren't literature, in the academic sense, these Sunday features, Friend Collegian, who refuses to condescend to read even the very best among them.

Very probably the man who knows his BEOWULF and who can recite entire pages from the CANTERBURY TALES of Chaucer has never found it worth his while to peruse a line of them. Had they been written by a scribe of the people in and about the times of one William Shakespeare—*that* would have been different!

Let's confess to a little secret:

Rash intruder into the realms of the elect, we happen to live on the edge of a community tenanted very largely by college folk—students, teaching fellows, instructors, even full professors, travel daily before our very door.

Naturally, men who prant of Ph.D.'s and L.L.D.'s and similar academic honors would hardly care to descend to the literary inclinations of the hundred thousands of us common folk whose taxes make their salaries possible.

Queerly enough, however, every Sunday of the college year we find the newspaper counters in the nearby drug-stores, and the news-stands at the public crossings, besieged by these collegians. The vendors tell us that they come for the Sunday papers, in addition to such dailies as may claim them for subscribers. Even a college man must know what the

world's about, and so must step down Parnassus to the level of mere newspaper readers at times.

So the college maids and the college men come to the centers of this college suburb and buy the Sunday papers. They pay over the coins demanded, and are given their heavy budgets, and proceed to loiter off to their studies and apartments and sanctums.

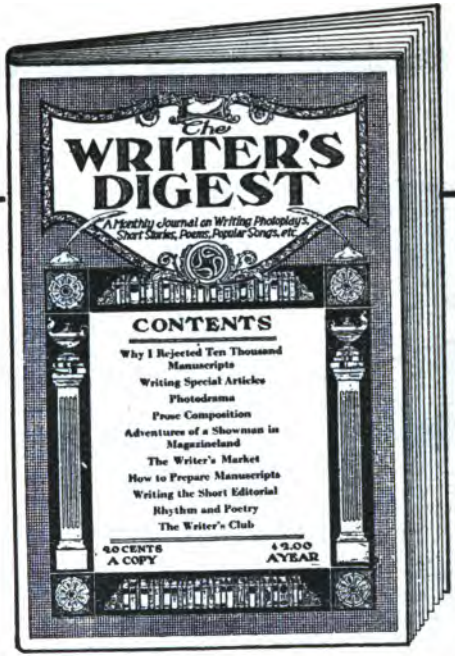
Should you come to visit us, through the better part of Sunday mornings, we must bid you mind your step on these quiet byways.

Unless you do—we'll wager here—before long some college man or sweetly-erudite college maid will come loitering squarely *into you!*

Absorbed?

Of course they are absorbed—though not in Greek, nor Latin odes, nor pictographs of Runic times.

They're buried in the supplements; nor can they wait to read the same until they've reached their homes!

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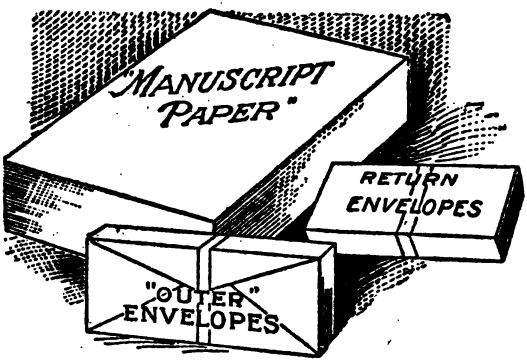


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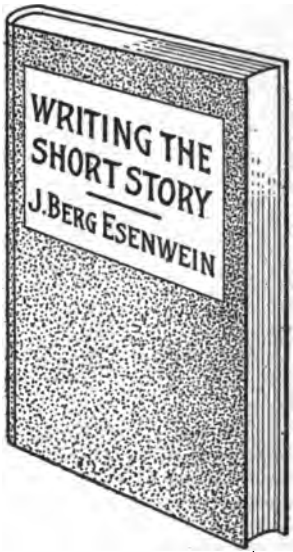


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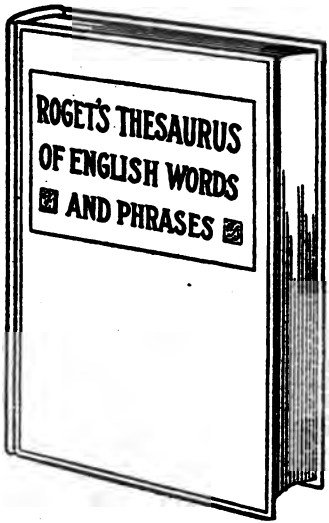


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